

Children's Digest

BEST STORIES • FAMOUS CLASSICS • GOOD COMICS

NOVEMBER • 35¢



**DON
QUIXOTE
AND THE
WINDMILLS**

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES



**THE WHIRLING
WORLDS OF
OUTER SPACE**

 A special science feature

**THE FLOOGLES'
THANKSGIVING DINNER**

A humorous holiday story

Also many other Stories, Poems, Comics,
Puzzles, Articles, Games, Jokes and Riddles

PUBLISHED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Santa Says-

"THESE MAGAZINES ARE A YEAR 'ROUND TREAT—
AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS THEY ARE HARD TO BEAT!

EACH GAY, NEW ISSUE HAS THRILLS IN STORE—
WONDERFUL STORIES—GOOD TIMES GALORE!"

Just think how happy your favorite friends,
your brothers, sisters or cousins will be to have their very
own fun-packed copies of CHILDREN'S DIGEST
or HUMPTY DUMPTY'S MAGAZINE come every month—
addressed in their own name!

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S MAGAZINE

for youngsters 3 to 7

Each exciting new issue brings 132 pages busy
with colorful things to make and do and see—
cut-outs, games, puzzles, easy-to-read stories,
Tell-Me and Read-Aloud stories—so many happy
things to do and enjoy all year.



Published by the publishers of Parents' Magazine

PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, Inc.
Subscription Dept., Bergenfield, N. J.

C11-6C

Please enter the following subscriptions at SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS RATES:

- ☐ 2 or more one-year gifts at \$2.50 each
☐ Single one-year subscription at \$3.50

Magazine.....

To.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Send gift cards from.....

Address.....

List additional subscriptions on separate sheet.
Foreign postage 50¢ a year extra (except Canada)

CHILDREN'S DIGEST

for boys and girls 5 to 12

A wealth of wonderful stories to enjoy again
and again—famous classics and best stories,
old and new. Each colorful 132 page issue is
full of fun, with good comics, adventures in
science, puzzles, games, jokes and riddles.

And these jumbo gifts that come 10 times a
year—10 treats in one—cost so little to give.
Show this page to mother and dad. They will
be glad you are choosing such wonderful gifts
and will help you fill in the order form below.

Free
Gift Card

A pretty gift card
with your name written
on it, will be sent to
announce each gift.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

only \$2.50 each
for 2 or more
one-year gifts

Regular rate \$3.50 a year



Children's Digest

TABLE OF CONTENTS — NOVEMBER 1956

PAGE

- 5 **THE PRESIDENT'S PUPPETS** by Antoniorrobles
From Story Parade Magazine
- 15 **FUNNY STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE**
- 16 **HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?**
- 18 **THE LION-HEARTED KITTEN** by Peggy Bacon
From "The Lion-Hearted Kitten and other stories"
- 23 **WHAT IS THE PETRIFIED FOREST?**
A wonder question from The Book of Knowledge
- 24 **THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD**
An historical comic
- 29 **WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?**
A crossword puzzle
- 30 **PECKERWOOD PETE, COW CATCHER** by Emma Gelders Sterne
From "Let The Moon Go By"
- 37 **THE WHIRLING WORLDS OF OUTER SPACE**
A special science feature
- 48 **RIDDLES**
- 50 **DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS** by Miguel de Cervantes
From "The Adventures of Don Quixote" adapted by Leighton Barrett

PAGE

- 55 **FUN WITH PENCILS**
- 60 **OLD SHIPS** by David Morton
A poem
- 62 **HAPPY RABBIT**
A humorous comic
- 68 **GINGER GETS THE BIRD** by Bee Lewi
A picture-word story
- 70 **THE FLOOGLES' THANKSGIVING DINNER** by Gertrude Crampton
From "The Funny Fixes of the Floogle Family"
- 76 **IN SHORT**
A quiz
- 77 **PETUNIA** by Roger Duvoisin
Adapted from the picture book illustrated by the author
- 100 **MICHELANGELO, MAKER OF GIANTS**
A biographical comic
- 108 **STRANGE BUT TRUE**
- 110 **PICNIC IN THE RAIN** by Mildred Lawrence
From Story Parade Magazine
- 120 **NEW BOOKS YOU WILL ENJOY**
by Phyllis Fenner
- 122 **ANSWERS TO PUZZLES**
Cover illustration by GYO FUJIKAWA

OUR SPECIAL PAPER AND BINDING

CHILDREN'S DIGEST is printed on what is known as "eye-ease" tinted paper. This light green paper is easier on the eyes than white or any other tinted paper.

Our binding is designed to eliminate the use of staples. As a result, the magazine lies flat when opened, and is easier for children to handle.

CHILDREN'S DIGEST is published monthly, except June and August, by Parents' Magazine Press, Inc., a subsidiary of the publishers of PARENTS' MAGAZINE. Publication office: Nashville, Tenn. Change of Address, giving old and new address, should be sent six weeks in advance to Children's Digest, Subscription Office, Bergenfield, N. J. Executive and Editorial offices: 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. E. A. Sand, Vice Pres. & Circ. Mgr. Subscription price \$3.50 a year, 35¢ a copy. Title registered U. S. Patent Office, Vol. VI, No. 62, November, 1956. Second-class mailing privileges authorized at Concord, New Hampshire. Re-entry applied for at Nashville, Tenn., copr. 1956, Parents' Magazine Press, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER
George J. Hecht
Publisher, "Parents' Magazine"

EDITOR
Harold Schwartz

MANAGING EDITOR
Hal Daroff

ART DIRECTOR
Ralph O. Ellsworth
Art Director,
"Parents' Magazine"

ART EDITOR
Arlene Corren

ART ASSISTANT
Sheila Schneider

ADVISORY EDITORS

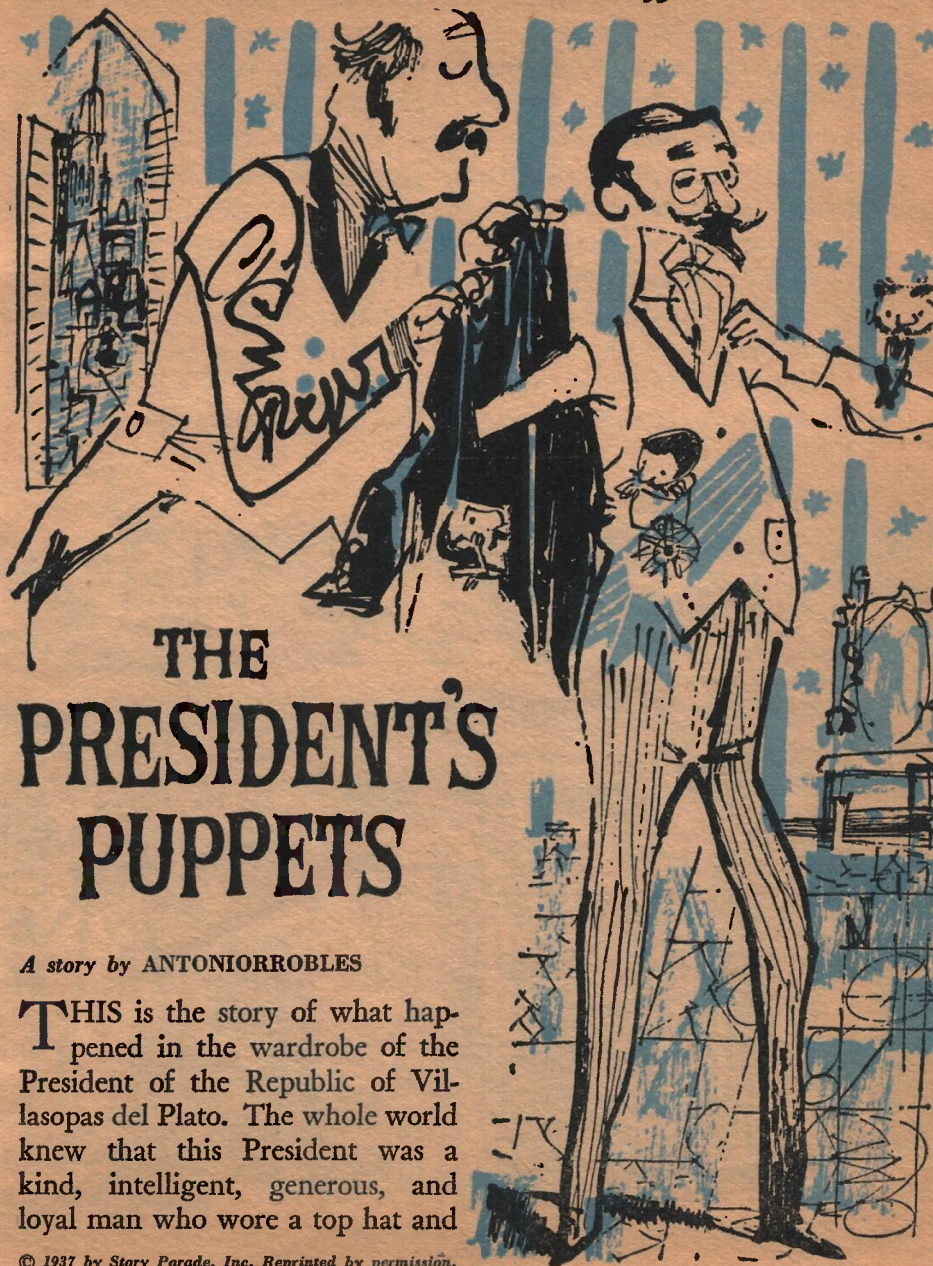
Harry Bard
Asst. Director
Curriculum Bureau
Baltimore Dept. of Education
Harold L. Boda
Asst. Supt.
Curriculum and Instruction
Dayton Bd. of Education
Mrs. Mary E. Buchanan
Editor, "Parents' Magazine"

Phyllis R. Fenner
Author of
Anthologies for Children
Children's Librarian
Manhasset, N. Y.
Dr. Grace Langdon
Author of "Home Guidance
for Young Children"

Mary C. Lussan
Director of
Curriculum Development
Chicago Bd. of Education
Lillian Moore
Educator and Author
Katherine Scrivener
Supervisor of
Elementary Education
Public Schools of the
District of Columbia
Mrs. Emma D. Sheehy
Professor of Education
Teachers College
Columbia University
Irene Smith
Former Supt. of
Work With Children
Brooklyn, N. Y. Public Library
Emil Wolfe
Principal,
Lamberton Public School
Philadelphia, Pa.

Published 10 times a year
— monthly, except June
and August.

Subscription price: \$3.50
a year; foreign postage
(except Canada and U. S.
Possessions) 50¢ a year
extra; subscription office:
Bergenfield, N. J.



THE PRESIDENT'S PUPPETS

A story by ANTONIORROBLES

THIS is the story of what happened in the wardrobe of the President of the Republic of Vilasopas del Plato. The whole world knew that this President was a kind, intelligent, generous, and loyal man who wore a top hat and

© 1937 by Story Parade, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

had a beard and a mustache. Everyone knew that he was anxious to build schools and recreation centers for workers, hospitals and relief stations for the poor, and, above all, many gardens — some square, some round, and some triangular — for children who wanted to spin tops or ride bicycles or play football or hide-and-seek.

Now, since this President had frequently to attend important

political meetings, diplomatic banquets where everyone was dressed very stiffly, popular celebrations, christenings of bridges or roads or ships, and hunting parties, he had a clothes closet with twenty different suits, all in a row, on twenty different hangers.

Alongside the suits were the round hat boxes, on whose tops you could have played a tune, if you had two little drumsticks.



What a jolly time they had in the President's clothes closet! No real city

In that clothes closet, just as in every clothes closet of a President or a King or a Duke there was a city of puppets.

EVERY suit was a house occupied by a family of little people. Every pocket was a room, and the openings of the pockets were the windows from which the puppets greeted one another, or watched the many puppet children play in the public

squares on the hat boxes.

It was a pleasant life.

As long as none of the servants were around, there was real, neighborly gossip from suit to suit.

For example, the puppet family of the country suit would often pay a cheerful, friendly visit to the family of the dress suit, and sometimes you might hear a conversation like this:

"How are you today, dear

Illustrations by HERBERT DANSKA



was happier or more contented than this laughing world of little people.

friends? Are things going well?"

"Very well, thank you. Yesterday the President wore our house, the country-suit house, and went to open a new dam in a river where there are colored fishes. For a while he sat on a mountain, near the dam, and today my house has a sweet odor of thyme. Come and have tea with us today; you will see how pleasing that perfume is."

"We'll certainly come, thank you very much," answered the dress-suit puppets.

And they all spent the afternoon in the lower right pocket of the country suit, smelling the rich thyme, the marjoram, the lavender, and the rosemary which had all left their fragrance in the suit.

At other times something entirely different would happen. One day the father, the mother, and the children who lived in the tuxedo crossed the closet and came to a business-suit inhabited by some relatives of theirs.

After climbing up the trousers, the father said to them:

"Oh, my dear cousins! Will you allow us to spend the night with you, even if you have to put us in the little vest pockets? We hate to bother you, but we

really can't stay in our own house. Yesterday, for seven hours in succession the President conferred behind closed doors with his Cabinet, and they all smoked so many cigars and pipes that today our whole house has so strong a smell of tobacco that we had to leave."

"Of course you may stay here," answered the head of the business-suit family. "And plan to stay three or four days, or as long as you wish. We shall be glad to have you."

Even so, all the puppets in the wardrobe were just as fond of the President as any citizen of Villasopas del Plato. Why? Because whenever the President's valet took a suit from the clothes closet before all the puppets had a chance to leave the pockets, the President never bothered the little people, if he found any in his suit.

YES, they all held the President in high esteem and spoke very favorably of him.

One night the puppet-gentleman who lived in the checked suit noticed that the President had left his wallet in the inside left pocket of the coat. He jumped inside the wallet and



The puppets were terror stricken when they read the grim warning.

THE PRESIDENT'S PUPPETS

began looking over the papers, to see if any were very urgent. These he meant to pull out and throw to the floor, where someone would find them and take them to the President.

There was an official order signed by the President for the purchase of an immense automobile, two stories high, with a large cupboard full of toys, to take children out to the country, where they could play all afternoon.

But there was one document which made the puppet tremble with fear. It was a typewritten letter, carrying the following message:

Mr. President:

Now that there are so many schools, the workers have learned a great deal, and it is impossible to cheat them any more when they buy umbrellas. It is your fault, and I am going to kill you as soon as I get the chance.

*The Unknown
Umbrella Merchant*

This was a terrible threat. The President was condemned to death by a terribly unjust umbrella man.

The puppet was terrified when

he climbed out of that pocket, and he could hardly sleep that night.

In the morning he climbed down the checked trousers of his house and approached a group of friends who were sitting in a circle on the lid of a hat box. When he told them the news, their puppet blood almost froze.

Soon all the little people of the clothes closet knew about it, and all were filled with terror. It seemed to them, and perhaps they were right, that their world was going to end.

"What a great misfortune!"

they exclaimed.

And someone answered:

"It is not one misfortune, but two. The first and greatest is that Villasopas del Plato will lose so good and kind a President. And the second is that we shall not know where to go or how to live."

"Perhaps we shall be sent to some evil-smelling old clothes shop," replied another.

Then someone else added:

"Or perhaps they will scatter us, dividing the suits among the servants and relatives."

There was such fright in the



"Brave little fellow," said the policeman. "I'm afraid he's done for."

clothes closet that when the valet came in for a suit for the President, all the puppets threw themselves to the floor in great haste, carrying their babies in their arms. They were afraid the assassin might surprise the President in the street, while they were still in one of the pockets.

Some would say:

"No, no, you mustn't think that the umbrella man frightens me. It is merely that I don't want to be present if such a horrible crime occurs."

Finally, the servant selected a suit, and all the puppets returned to the pockets of their houses.

BUT the tenant of the suit that had just been taken away began to weep, embracing his children and saying:

"Oh, oh! Perhaps at this very moment a bullet is puncturing our house, with the good President inside."

Then a neighbor invited them to dinner, but they ate very little. The hours were passing very sadly, when suddenly, they all saw the President's valet come in again with the suit, altogether safe, and even pressed.

Immediately the family returned to its own house and ran

happily through all the rooms.

But one brave and adventurous little puppet who lived alone in the President's yachting cap, and who more than once had stayed in his house when the President went yachting, so that he might see the world, said one afternoon:

"Do you know what I thought of last night? Well, I thought that we're not doing the right thing. We all say that our President is a generous and kind man, but we are doing nothing to defend him . . . and that is bad."

"Yes, yes, you are right," answered the others. "But how can we, who are only a few weak, little puppets, defend the President?"

To this, Tenedorlin (for that was the name of the little man who lived in the yachting cap), replied:

"I am ready for anything. I shall try always to get into the coat the President wears, and then I may at least be able to help him."

All his friends congratulated him on his decision, and they understood perfectly well that he was doing the right thing . . . but no one else would dare to do what he was doing.

And when the valet came in again for a suit, all the puppets, whole families of them, jumped down to the floor for fear theirs would be the suit chosen, but Tenedorlin ran to the suspenders. This was very wise of Tenedorlin, because the President had only one pair of suspenders, which he always wore.

Tenedorlin seized the suspenders firmly, and when the valet had selected a suit and attached the suspenders, the puppet climbed up, without being seen, into the inside pocket of the coat. But, most important of all, he climbed into the pocket of the left side, so he could be near the President's heart.

THIS happened again the next day and the next. The valiant puppet was very much thrilled each time he folded himself up in that dangerous pocket. But when he returned, he would tell his friends about the frights and anguishes he had suffered.

Then finally, the event which they were all awaiting actually occurred. The threat of the umbrella merchant was almost fulfilled . . .

One day the President had gone out to a certain school to

present cardboard horses and tin automobiles to all the good children, the partly good children, and the bad children who promised to be good. On this very day the criminal approached and shot him in the heart.

Immediately the good man fell like a stone between the Professor of Drawing and a policeman who had mustaches. They placed him in a chair and brought him to the hospital.

The doctors put on their white coats with great haste, even though they thought that the President had been killed by that well-aimed shot in the heart. Great was their surprise to see that he still lived.

Then they stretched him out on the operating table and saw that the bullet had scarcely passed through the coat. It was easier to pull out than a little child's loose tooth.

But, oh! What miracle could this be?

A policeman who was inspecting the coat put his hand into the left, inside pocket, and his surprise was enormous to find Tenedorlin, unconscious, and cruelly ripped to pieces. Then he understood that that puppet had saved the President's life.



Oh, what a grand, rousing reception the puppets gave their brave hero!

Little by little the President was waking up. As soon as he was able to understand, they made it clear to him what the puppet had done for him. At once he said, in a voice that seemed to belong to a dying man:

"Since he has saved me, you must cure him immediately."

"But Mr. President, you should save yourself first. Later we can take care of the puppet."

"I want you to cure him at once!" exclaimed the President with all the force he could muster. And then he continued, "With glue or paste or anything you have. Bring in some glue at once, and we will see what can be done for him."

The attendants went looking for glue, and the wounded man said to the doctors:

"You must cure him before me, because he is hurt much more than I—he has been torn into pieces—and besides he has been very good to me."

The doctors had to put Tene-dorlin on another operating table, which was of course many times too large for him, but with much patience they pasted the pieces together and made him whole again, just like new.

The two were moved on the same stretcher to the home of the President of the Republic of Villasopas del Plato, where they passed the days of their convalescence together. The President was in his bed, and the puppet was seated on a night table, between two medicine bottles bearing these labels:

ARNICA

GLUE

These were the medicines of the two wounded friends.

When they both had recovered a bit, they used to go out into the sun or into the shade of the garden, where they would throw crumbs to the sparrows or toss pebbles at a stick.

Finally, however, they both became as healthy as ever, and then the illustrious man returned to the Presidency and valiant Tenedorlin returned to the clothes closet.

OH, what a great reception the puppets gave their brave hero! They had learned about everything through a certain newspaper which had been wrapped around a pearl-buttoned white vest that had recently been added to the President's wardrobe. The little folk received Tenedorlin with great applause, and the following day they held elaborate celebrations and hung banners from all the pockets of the twenty suits in the closet, or

rather from all the windows of the twenty houses in the little city.

"Long live heroic Tenedorlin, saviour of the President," shouted somebody.

And they all responded enthusiastically, with a thunderous cheer, "HURRAH!!!"

And the unknown umbrella merchant, who had been arrested, and was now very well known, was bemoaning his crime in prison.

But the President of the Republic of Villasopas del Plato pardoned him, and then he understood how good the head of the Republic really was. And he presented him with a silk umbrella, with his name on it, embroidered in many colors.

To Tenedorlin he gave a new yachting cap to live in, a very comfortable one, with a little window in the crown.

Everything was fine, and everyone in the whole Republic was happy.

CHILDREN'S DIGEST GOES TO SCHOOL, TOO!

Why not show your copy of CHILDREN'S DIGEST to your teacher? She will love it, and be glad to know that all your classmates can receive each wonderful issue of good reading and good times under our School Plan. We will tell her about it now if she writes: School Dept., Box C11-6E, Parents' Magazine Press, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Funny stories about famous people

AS Mark Twain and a friend were coming out of church one morning, it began to rain.

"Do you think it will stop?" asked Twain's friend.

The writer looked at the sky. "It always has," he said.



PRESIDENT Calvin Coolidge was so famous for his silence that it was considered practically impossible to get him to indulge in any conversation. The story is told that he went to a dinner party and was seated next to a very gushy lady.

"Oh, sir," she said, "do you know, I made a bet today that I could get more than two words out of you!"

"You lose," Coolidge replied.



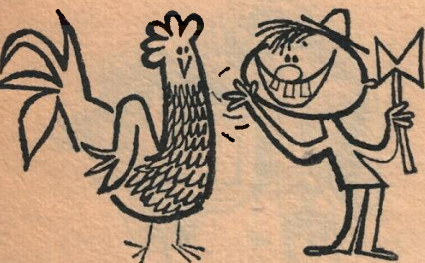
WHEN Abraham Lincoln was campaigning for votes in his native state of Illinois, he encountered a crusty old farmer who was bitterly opposed to him.

"Vote for you!" shouted the old man. "Why, I'd sooner vote for the devil!"

"I'm sure you would," replied Lincoln calmly, "but in case your friend doesn't run, maybe you would give your vote to me."



HAVE YOU



Jack: I can tell the age of a chicken by the teeth.

Mack: But a chicken doesn't have teeth.

Jack: No, but I have.

Lady: How much are these tomatoes?

Grocer: Thirty-five cents a pound.

Lady: Raise them yourself?

Grocer: Of course. They were only thirty cents yesterday.

Dentist: Do you want gas?

Absent-minded patient: Yes, fill 'er up, and you'd better look at the oil, too.

He: I come from a long line of boxers. That is, all except my uncle.

She: What did he do?

He: He was a cocker spaniel.

Waitress: Did you say you wanted these eggs turned over?

Diner: Yes, to the Museum of Natural History.

Big game hunter: See that stuffed elephant? I shot it in my pajamas.

Young lady: Gosh! How did it ever get into them?



City lady: Have you ever had any accidents?

Cowboy: No, ma'am, except a horse once kicked me and a rattlesnake bit me.

City lady: Good heavens! Don't you call those accidents?

Cowboy: No, Ma'am. They did it on purpose.

HEARD THESE?

Teacher: Tommy, your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?

Tommy: I'd be too polite to mention it.

Old Lady: A ticket to Toledo, please.

Ticket Agent: Do you want to go by Buffalo?

Old Lady: No, better make it by train.

Neil: Now, let's think.

Nell: Oh, let's do something you can do, too.



A worm met another worm coming out of the ground. "You're beautiful," the first worm said, "and I'd like to marry you."

"Don't be silly," was the reply. "I'm your other end!"

Barber: How do you like your hair cut?

Ted: Off.



Jim: I have a cold.

John: Is it positive or negative?

Jim: What do you mean?

John: Do the eyes have it or the nose?

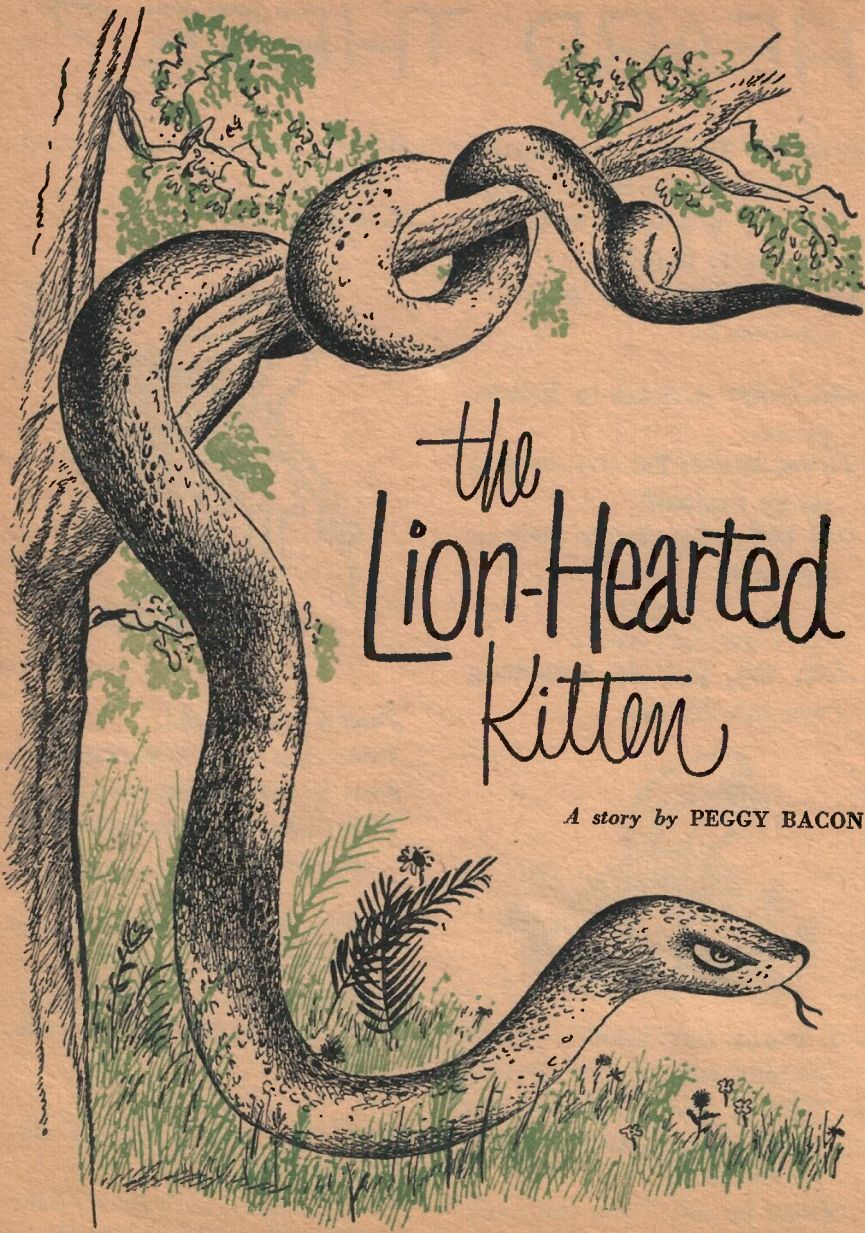
Phil: My father always whistles as he works.

Bill: He must be a happy guy.

Phil: Not really. He's a traffic cop!

Girl: I'm taking ancient history.

Boy: So am I. Let's get together and talk over old times!



the Lion-Hearted Kitten

A story by PEGGY BACON

From "The Lion-Hearted Kitten and other Stories" by Peggy Bacon, © 1927, The Macmillan Co.

ONCE there was a striped kitten with yellow eyes and a black nose. He was only a very little kitten, but he had the heart of a lion. He was as brave as he could be, and one day he started out to conquer the world. The path he took led through a big black wood, and down this path the kitten stalked very proudly, with his head held high as possible.

Pretty soon, along came a big gray wolf.

"Grumble, tumble in the jungle, I'm hungry!" growled the wolf, for this is what the wolves say when they go to eat you up.

Now it is all very well to be brave in a crisis, but it is even

better to be clever too. This the kitten knew, so without showing any fear he said boldly:

"O Mr. Wolf, I was just looking for you. My great-aunt the tigress told me to ask you the way to roast lamb. She says you know so much more about it."

The wolf was impressed and a little flattered. But he was also a bit suspicious of this small kitten, and so he said:

"Tell your great-aunt the tigress that I roast lamb the same way that I roast kitten."

This really frightened the kitten, but he pretended great unconcern and retorted:

"Of course, Mr. Wolf, if you really wish me to tell her that, I

The great forest bristled with danger and terror.

But nothing could daunt this jaunty little adventurer.

For he was determined to conquer the world!



will do so; but my great-aunt the tigress is rather short of temper and she might take offense at what you say; she has some kittens of her own and a great many little neices and nephews."

"Hmmm," murmured the wolf gazing thoughtfully at the kitten who had begun to wash its face, "you may tell her that roast lamb tastes nice with sage and onions." He turned and ran into the wood.

THE kitten trotted on along the path and suddenly around a corner he came face to face with a great big enormous snake who was hanging from the branch of a tree just over the path.

"Hiss, swish, wish a dish for dinner!" hissed the snake, for that is what the snakes say when they are going to eat you up.

"O Miss Boa Constrictor," cried the kitten (for that was the snake's name). "I have been looking for you everywhere. My great-aunt the tigress wishes to know the best way to catch birds. She says that you are so clever at it, and she would be much obliged for some advice on the subject."

Now snakes catch little creatures by staring in their eyes till

they are so frightened they dare not move; so the boa constrictor said:

"Watch me and I'll show you," for she thought the little kitten looked quite fat and delicious.

But the kitten was far too wise for that, so he simply looked hard beyond the snake and called out:

"Well, I do declare, if that isn't my great-aunt the tigress herself coming this way now!"

The snake whipped round quickly for fear the tigress was creeping up behind her, and while she looked back, the kitten escaped into the wood.

The brave little kitten ran on and on till by and by, very suddenly, round a big tree he came

The tigress was puzzled.

What in the world was she going to do with the kitten?



face to face with the tigress herself.

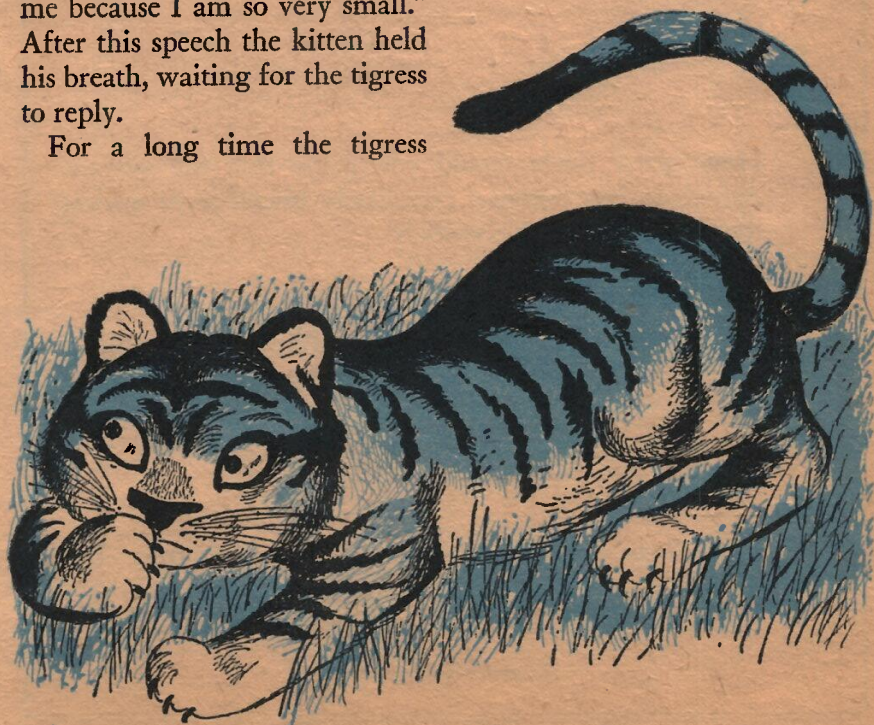
This time the kitten for all his courage was much alarmed. His breath came fast and his heart beat rapidly, but his wits did not forsake him.

"O Aunty Tigress," he gasped, "I have been hunting and hunting for you till I am all out of breath. My mother, the golden tigress of the next forest but one, wishes to know what it is your kittens eat which makes them so big and fat. She is worried about me because I am so very small." After this speech the kitten held his breath, waiting for the tigress to reply.

For a long time the tigress

looked at the kitten and sniffed at the kitten, and put her head on one side and considered the kitten. And after a while she came to the conclusion that this kitten certainly did look quite like her kittens save for size; and since her own children had grown up and left home she decided it would be nice to adopt another; so giving the kitten a motherly lick of a large kind she said:

"You certainly are much too small, and if you will come



home with me I will feed you up and fatten you up and see what I can do to make you bigger and stronger."

AWAY they walked together, the kitten not without misgivings, going through the big black wood till they came to the tigress' cave. There the tigress gave the kitten all kinds of meat and bones; and sure enough the kitten began to grow, and he

grew and grew and grew until he got to be about as big as a regular size cat.

The tigress was then well satisfied, for she said: "You are now exactly the size of my own kittens; this diet has agreed with you."

And so the kitten continued to live happily in the cave, cared for and protected by the tigress, but he never grew to be any bigger than a cat.

Brain[★] Teasers

Out Like A Light

How many times would you guess that the average American boy becomes completely unconscious during the course of a single week?

Nutty Question

Joe and his friend Charlie were walking together along the sidewalk, each of them eating a different kind of nut. Neither of the two kinds of nuts grew on a tree. What sort of nuts were they eating?

Up A Tree

John Shaw climbed down from a large oak tree. But John Shaw had not previously climbed into the tree. Can you explain how this could happen?

Answers on page 122

What is the PETRIFIED FOREST?



A CROSS the Arizona plateau, almost a mile high, the Little Colorado flows northwest to join the Big Colorado in the Grand Canyon. The broad valley of this river is called the Painted Desert because its many-colored rocks change hues with every passing cloud. In the Painted Desert lies the famous Petrified Forest whose ancient trees also undergo brilliant color transformations in the shifting light.

Millions of years ago the

Painted Desert was the delta of a large river. Huge floods from the uplands carried down trees that became stranded on the sand bars and were later covered with mud and sand. During their long burial the trunks of the trees turned to stone. Later, as the land kept rising, rain water washed away the sand and mud, once more exposing the trees to view. Part of the Petrified Forest is now preserved as a national monument.

THE STORY OF

SCOTLAND YARD

FEW NAMES STRIKE SUCH TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS AS SCOTLAND YARD. HERE'S THE STRANGE STORY BEHIND THE BUILDING OF 'THE YARD'S' ENVIABLE REPUTATION.



GEORGE III WAS KING OF ENGLAND, WHEN...

YOUR MAJESTY WE NEED PERMANENT WATCHMEN IN LONDON. THE CITY IS OVERRUN WITH POOR WHO STEAL TO EAT!

VERY WELL. ESTABLISH PERMANENT NIGHT WATCHMEN IN THE CITY OF LONDON.



BUT THE PEOPLE MISTRUSTED THE HANDFUL OF WATCHMEN BECAUSE...

NOW, REMEMBER, YOU DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.

DON'T WORRY FRIEND, YOU CAN COUNT ON US. WE NEED EVERY PENNY.



BUT NOT ALL WATCHMEN WERE CORRUPT. A BETTER-PAID AND BETTER TYPE OF POLICE WERE THE BOW STREET RUNNERS.



THEY WERE MADE SAFE BY THE BOW STREET "THIEF-TAKERS."



THE PATROL CAUGHT CRIMINALS, BUT CRIME ITSELF WAS FLOURISHING DUE TO OVERCROWDING AND POVERTY.



COUNTRY ROADS WERE DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL.



GENTLEMEN, PARLIAMENT HAS GRANTED US MONEY TO CONTINUE ON A BIGGER SCALE. FROM NOW ON WE SHALL BE KNOWN AS THE PATROL.







IN 1842 THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT—THE FAMED C.I.D.—WAS ORGANIZED WITH ONLY EIGHT DETECTIVES.



CROOKS WERE CAUGHT RED-HANDED.



CLUES THAT WENT UNSEEN TO MOST PEOPLE WERE OBVIOUS TO SCOTLAND YARD.



FINGERPRINT REGISTRY WAS ESTABLISHED AT THE "YARD" IN 1901.

THEY MATCH PERFECTLY, TAKE HIM AWAY!



THERE IS ONLY ONE CHANCE IN 6,000,000 THAT TWO PERSONS WILL HAVE IDENTICAL FINGER PRINTS.

ABOTERS, ASSASSINS, SPIES WERE TRAPPED BY SCOTLAND YARD.



KEEP YOUR HANDS ABOVE THE TABLE!



TODAY, SCOTLAND YARD IS A MIRACLE OF SCIENTIFIC EFFICIENCY AND A MODEL FOR CRIME DETECTION THE WORLD OVER.

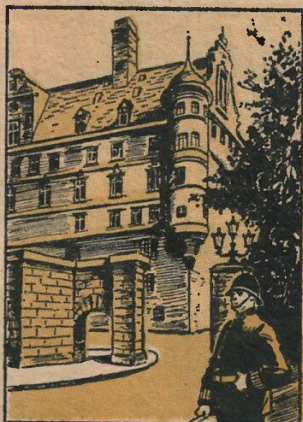
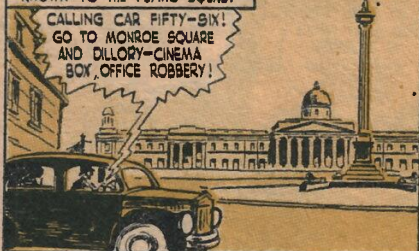


WHEN WORLD WAR I BROKE OUT...

GENTLEMEN, THE GERMANS ARE PLANNING TO ASSASSINATE OUR KEY MEN. WE NEED SCOTLAND YARD'S HELP.



AFTER THE WAR, NEW METHODS WERE DEVELOPED TO COPE WITH CRIME. THE RADIO CAR PATROL BECAME KNOWN AS THE "FLYING SQUAD."



PROTECTOR OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN WAR AND PEACE, CHAMPION OF THE LAW, THE "YARD" IS RESPECTED BY LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS AS THE SYMBOL OF BRITISH JUSTICE AND A MORTAL ENEMY OF CRIME.

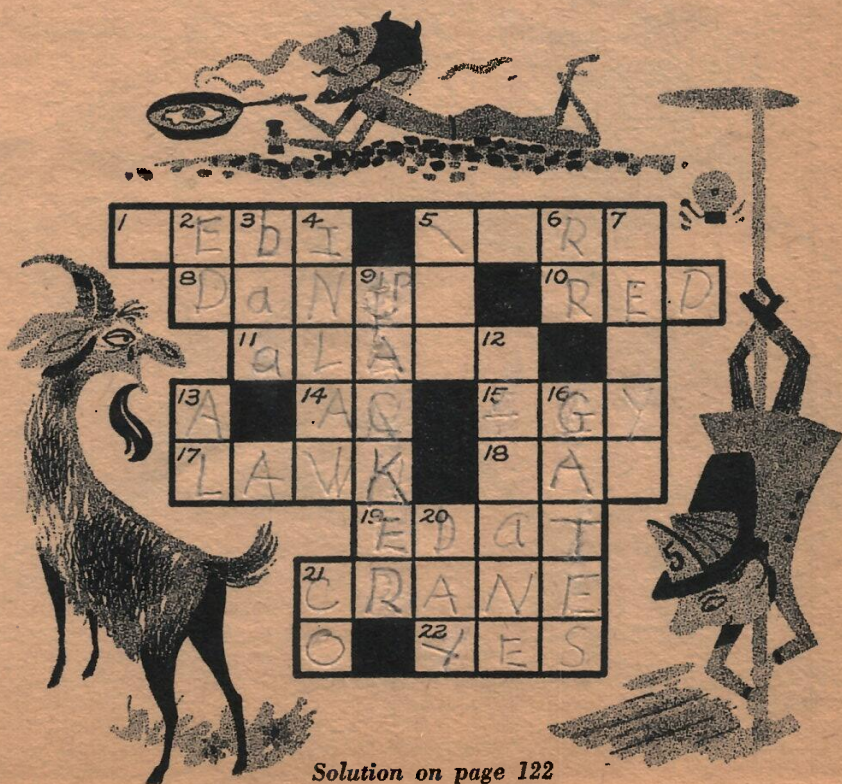
What's the Good WORD?

ACROSS

1. Half
5. Firm; unyielding
8. Move to music
10. Scarlet
11. Warning
14. Indefinite article
15. Time gone by
17. Grassy front yard
18. Moved swiftly on foot
19. Correct a manuscript
21. Tall, wading bird
22. Affirmative answer

DOWN

2. Short for Edward
3. Goat's cry
4. Relation by marriage
5. Possessive case of "she"
6. Railroad (abbr.)
7. Evil spirit; devil
9. One who cans
12. Soldier on land and sea
13. American League (abbr.)
16. Fence doors
20. Twenty-four hours
21. Company (abbr.)



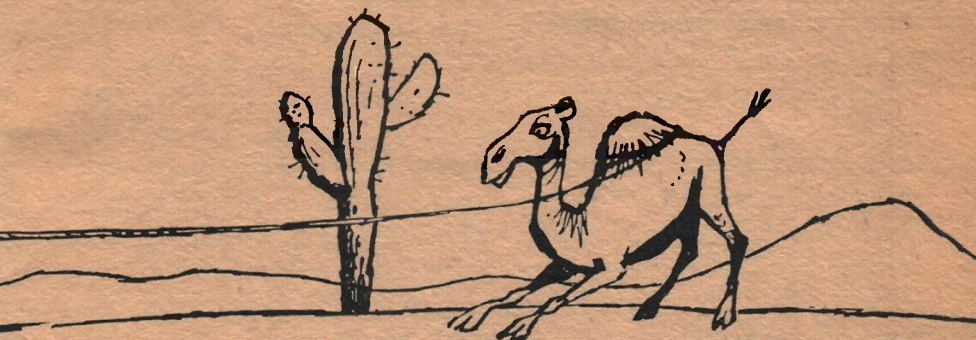
Solution on page 122



From "Let The Moon Go By," © 1955 by Emma G. Sterne, pub. by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

*Meet the greatest cowboy who ever twirled a lariat—
a riding, roping, bronco-busting maverick whose fabulous
exploits were the talk of the Old West*

A story by EMMA GELDERS STERNE



PECKERWOOD PETE, COW CATCHER

FUNNY things were always happening to Peckerwood Pete. He was the best cowhand on the ranch and the biggest. There wasn't a bronco he couldn't ride. He trained his cow pony to cut out brands from a herd so well that he could send the horse to a round-up without a rider if he wanted to. In fact, one morning, the horse wasn't in the corral when Pete came out with his saddle. Hours later Peckerwood Pete found the pony on an ant hill, separating out the bull ants from the others.

Pete was as good at roping as he was at riding. He used a rawhide lariat about a mile long. One day he was out on the range, riding south toward the desert and thinking of nothing in particular.

Way off, through the grass, he saw a stray animal grazing all alone, far from the herd.

Pete twirled his rope around his head and let fly. He roped the animal and began dragging it in so he could see the brand. When the beast got close enough to make out its form and features Pete saw that it wasn't a cow at all but a camel. He knew that Jefferson Davis had brought over a herd of camels from Africa before the Civil War. Most of them had died off or disappeared. Peckerwood Pete had never seen one before outside of circuses.

He was so surprised to see his rope around a camel's hump that the sweat dropped off his face. He had to loose his red bandanna to use for a towel. But his surprise was nothing compared to the shock to the camel. The beast gave Pete one reproachful look out of his sad eyes and rolled over and died. If there were any more camels left in the cow country you can be mighty sure they stayed out of Pete's way.

It wasn't so long after this, that the railroad tracks were laid in the Southwest. The roads had rights-of-way clean across

the range. They hadn't come anywhere near Peckerwood Pete's outfit but he kept hearing about trains and cattle cars and steam engines from his more traveled friends.

Their talk fired his curiosity.

"The engine is fiery red with black smokestack," they said. "It puffs smoke and sends out sparks enough to set a mountain afire. It's got a whistle like the whine of a wildcat and a cow-catcher on the front to shoo the cattle off the tracks."

Peckerwood Pete listened to their tales as long as he could stand it. Finally, one evening he stood up, all of his seven feet tall.

"Cow catcher!" he roared. "Ain't I the best cow catcher in the world? I reckon I'll go get me a job on the railroad."

NEXT morning, he threw his saddle over his pony, tightened the cinches and hooked his rawhide lariat over the pommel. He polished his boots, tied a brand new red bandanna around his neck, and galloped east across the range.

He hadn't ridden more than thirty miles toward the morning sun when he heard a wildcat's

shriek. It was the wrong time of day to be hearing wildcats, so Peckerwood Pete figured he was getting near enough to the railroad to hear the engine whistle. A few miles farther on, he saw a long-hanging wisp of cloud coming out of a tall black chimney and he spurred his pony to get close.

Pete met up with the train just as it was grinding to a stop at a station shed. The cars and the engine were just about as his friends had described them; but there was no sign of a cow hand riding in front, to shoo off the cattle. Pete decided this was the moment to ask for the job.

He drew his gun and fired a few shots in the air to get the attention of the man inside the engine cab. The engineer stuck his head out of a little window.

"I hear tell you railroad folk have use for cow catchers," Peckerwood Pete shouted. "I'm the best cow catcher around here. Reckon I might like a job."

The engineer looked the big fellow up and down, from silver-spurred boots to ten gallon hat. A kind of funny look came in his eye; but Pete didn't notice.

He was too busy studying the iron wheels and red paint and



"Hear tell you need a cow catcher," said Pete. "I'm the best there is."

brass of the engine. He toyed with his lariat, preened himself a little and waited.

"We might be able to use you," the engineer drawled. "But we have to be sure you're good."

"I'm Peckerwood Pete," the cowboy answered, as if that was enough for anybody to know. And it would have been for any rancher in the cattle country.

However, the engineer was a pretty ignorant fellow. "You'll have to show me how good you are," he said. "I tell you what. You ride ahead to that rise of ground around the next curve. When I drive this engine by, you rope it and throw it. Then we'll talk about a job."

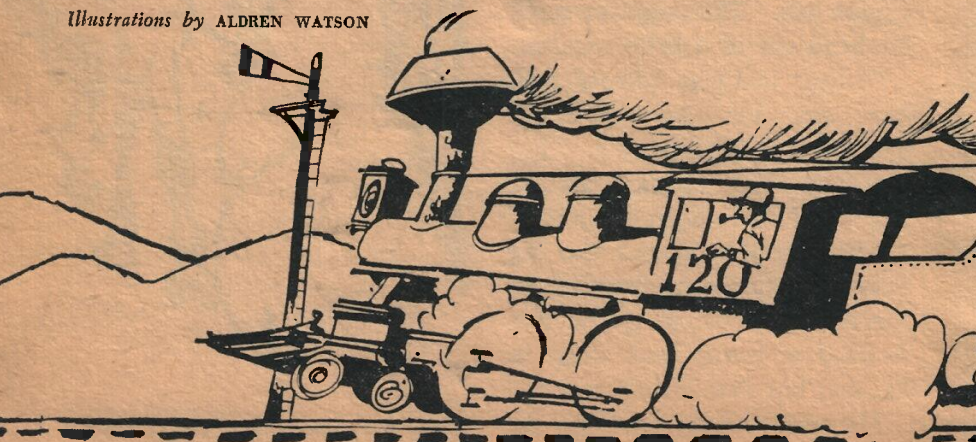
Peckerwood Pete didn't say another word. He didn't doubt

that he could rope the engine but he wasn't going to brag about how good he was. Pete hated a braggart. He just put spurs to his pony and left a cloud of dust behind. He took his stand around the curve with nothing between his horse and the sky.

When he heard the whine of the train's whistle, he began uncoiling his lariat. He waited until the black smokestack was within roping distance and then he let fly. The loop came down neatly on the neck of the roaring engine and the cowboy gave a jerk.

When the knot was tight, Pete dragged on the rope with all his strength, sitting firm and steady in the saddle. But the engine just chugged ahead. It

Illustrations by ALDREN WATSON



The singing loop settled neatly around the neck of the roaring engine

wouldn't budge from its tracks.

The muscles stood out on Pete's wrists and neck and his hands gripped the rawhide rope in iron fingers. His horse braced himself — hindlegs and forelegs. The engine just puffed along its way, unheeding.

"I'll throw you, I vow I will," Pete yelled, "or I won't ride the range again!"

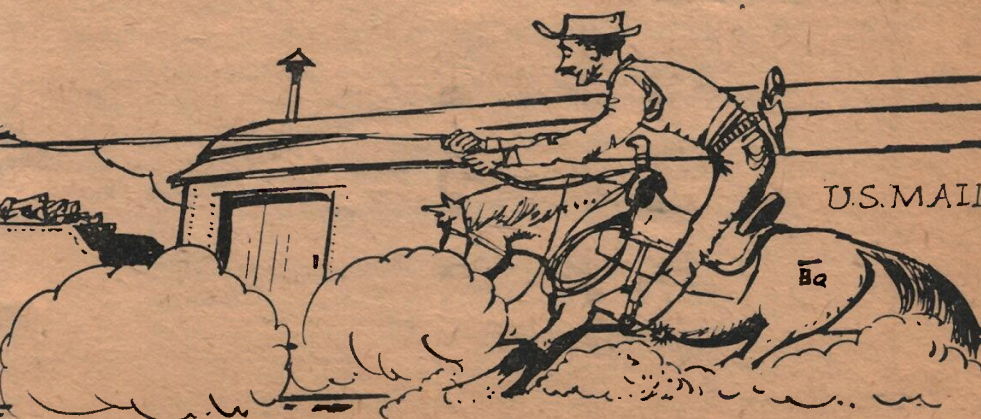
PECKERWOOD Pete had tamed the wildest bucking bronchos; he had roped a camel. He didn't intend to let himself be bested by this puffing, whining beast. Besides, the man in that box had said they needed a cow catcher and he was the best cow catcher in the world.

Pete pulled and tugged and

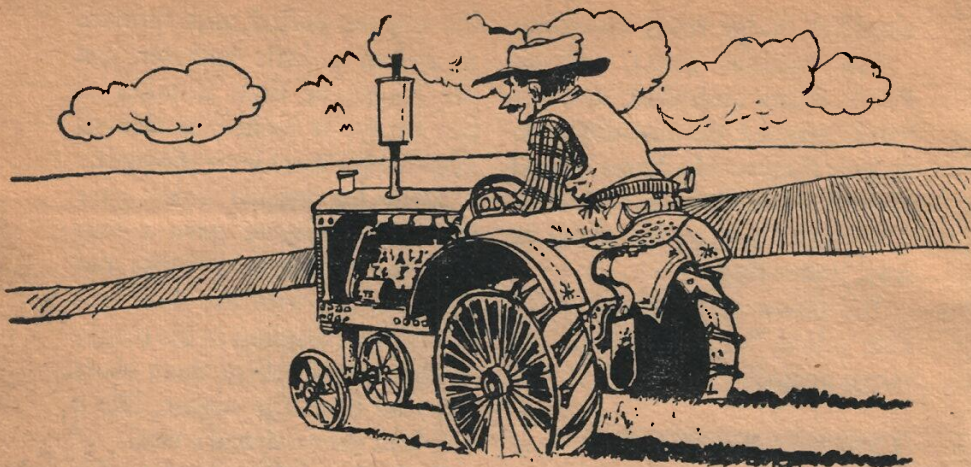
the engine puffed and snorted. It slowed a little and for just the length of time it takes to bat an eye it looked as though Pete would be able to throw it.

Then his trusted lariat gave way. The engine gave a leap and plowed down its tracks and Pete was left with the short end of his rope dangling in his hands. In the distance three short blasts sounded from the engine, like a laugh in the cowhand's face.

Peckerwood Pete kept to his vow. He never rode the range or joined in a roundup again. In fact, he turned his horse loose to graze and started walking to the Mexican border. There's no telling what would have happened if he hadn't met up with a rambunctious cyclone.



and the cowboy jerked hard, tugging and straining with all his might.



Quick as a wink, Pete tamed that machine and had it running smoothly.

At the sight of that windcloud coming toward him, Peckewood Pete's spirit came back into him. He straddled the cyclone and rode it until it rained out under him right in the middle of a Kansas cornfield.

The Kansas farmers didn't know what to make of the big man with spurred boots and red bandanna striding through the tall corn. But they were short

of hands just then and they hired him to help with the harvest.

One farmer had bought one of these new cutting machines that ran without horses. It wasn't very useful because it bucked and stalled and snorted worse than a wild mustang. Peckewood Pete took a look at it, hopped in the seat and tamed that machine until it practically ate out of his hand.

THE PERFECT ANSWER

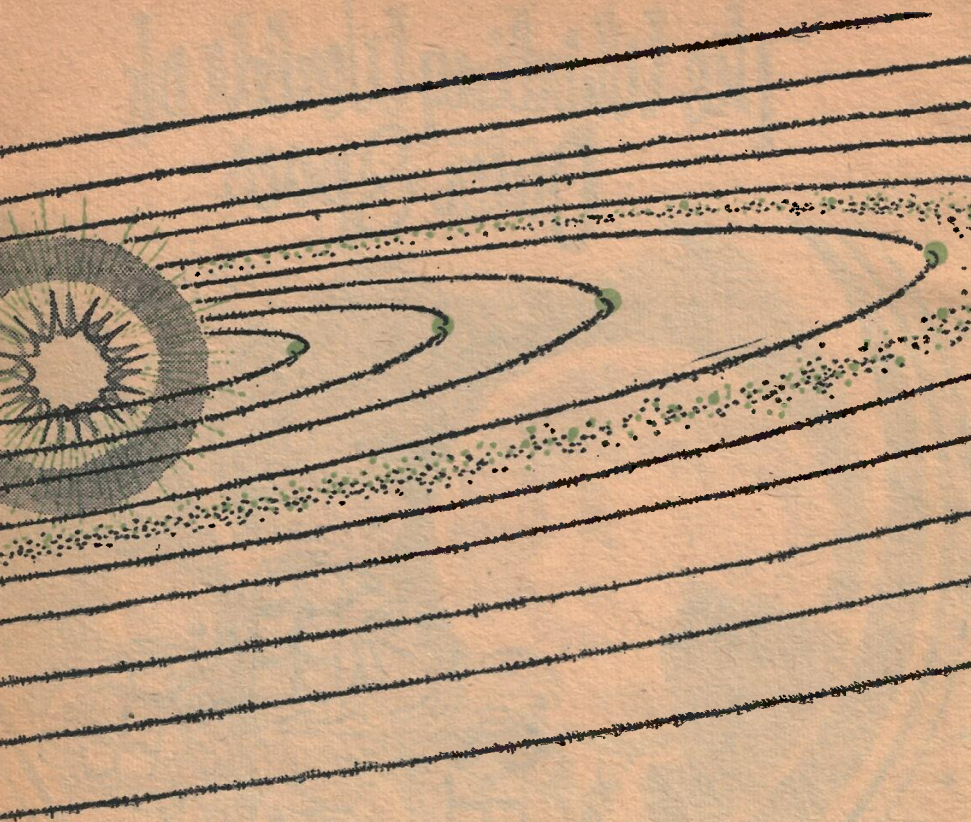
Pat and Bill were pushing a heavy handcart up a hill. Bill was doing his best but Pat was doing more leaning than pushing. They stopped for a breathing spell and Bill mopped his brow. "Some push, Bill," said Pat as he looked down the hill. "Yes," replied Bill, "and some don't!"

John Young, La Mesa, California

The Whirling Worlds of Outer Space



Our earth belongs to a family of nine *planets* that circle around the sun. Astronomers call this the *solar system*. Let's hop into an imaginary spaceship and see how much we can learn about these neighboring worlds of ours. All aboard! First stop—the sun!



THE SUN. We must be careful not to venture too close to the sun because its intense heat would vaporize us — ship and all! That is why there is nothing solid or liquid on the sun. It is a flaming ball of gas, a million times larger than the earth and with a temperature of 40 million degrees at its center! Now and then mysterious dark splotches of whirling gas appear on its surface. These are called *sunspots*. When there are lots of them they increase the static on our radio and TV sets.





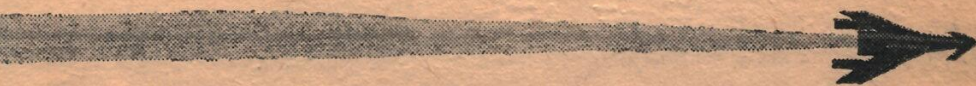
MERCURY is the closest planet to the sun and also the tiniest. Its diameter is only about 3,000 miles (a trifle larger than our moon) and it makes a complete trip around the sun every three months. Mercury keeps the same face always toward the sun so there is perpetual daylight and blazing heat on this half of the planet, perpetual night and freezing cold on the other half.



VENUS. No astronomer has ever seen the surface of Venus because it is always obscured by heavy white clouds. Like Mercury, it has no moon. In size, Venus is almost the same as the earth, having a diameter of 76,000 miles. It circles around the sun every seven months. The planet is visible just before sunrise and shortly after sundown. For this reason it is often called the *Morning* or *Evening Star*.



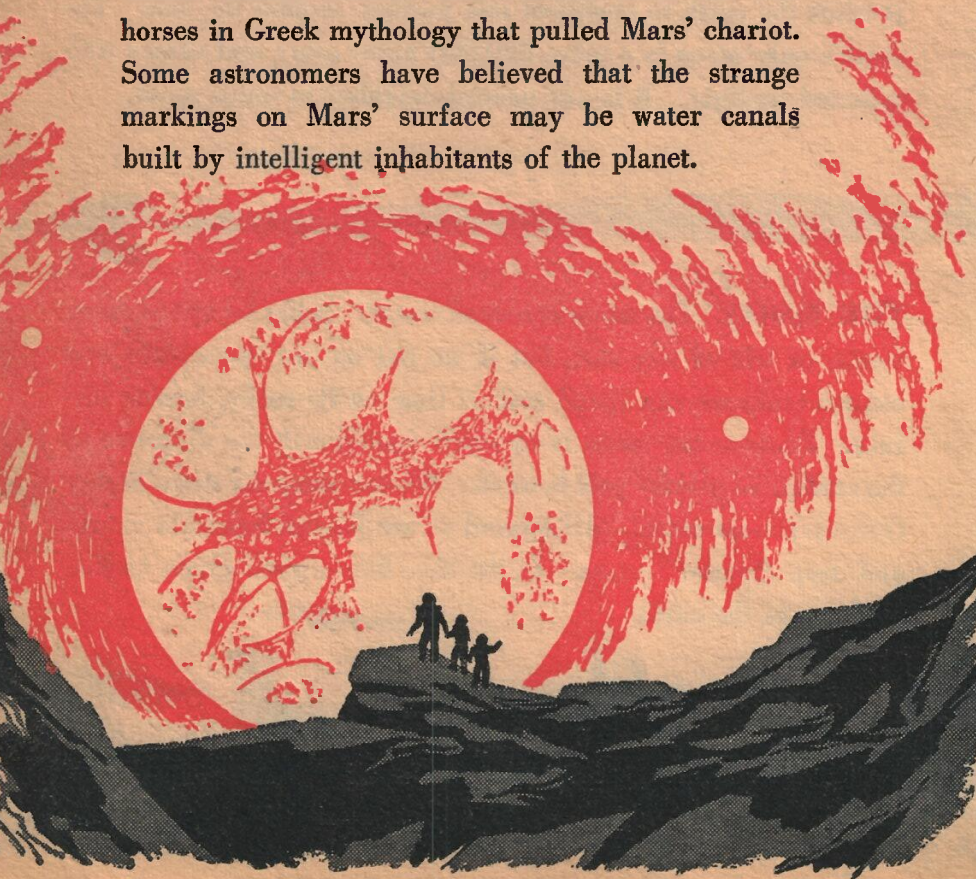
EARTH. The third planet from the sun is none other than our old friend the *earth*! Seen from the spaceship it is a green-colored globe 8,000 miles across, almost three-quarters of its surface covered with water. What we call a “year” is the length of time it takes the earth to complete one journey around the sun. The earth’s only moon is a mere 239,000 miles away and shines with reflected sunlight. It is our nearest neighbor in outer space.

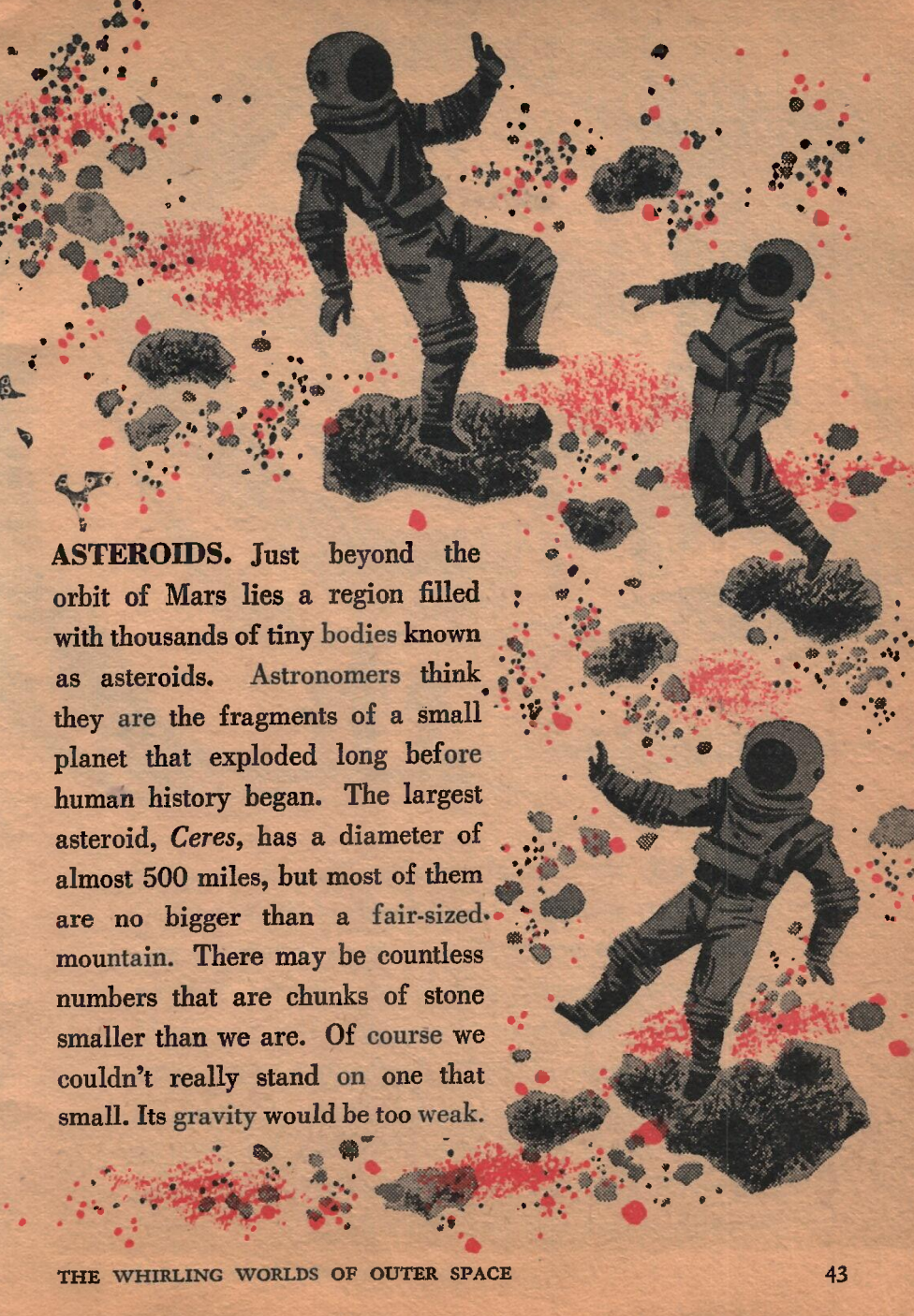


THE MOON. The moon is a dead world. It has no atmosphere, water, or life of any sort, but if we put on our space suits and oxygen tanks we can spend a short time on its rocky, barren surface. Because the moon is so small (one-fourth the diameter of the earth), its gravity pull is weak. We can jump six times higher than we can on earth! All around us are jagged mountain ranges and deep circular *craters*. In the sky, like a giant green basketball, hangs the earth.



MARS. The next planet, as we continue our flight outward from the sun, is the ruddy planet Mars. It is much smaller than the earth, having a diameter of only 4,200 miles, and it takes almost two years to circle the sun. The red color may be due to vast sandy deserts, and the white areas at the north and south poles are probably regions of ice and snow like the polar regions of the earth. Mars has two small moons named *Deimos* and *Phobos* after the two horses in Greek mythology that pulled Mars' chariot. Some astronomers have believed that the strange markings on Mars' surface may be water canals built by intelligent inhabitants of the planet.



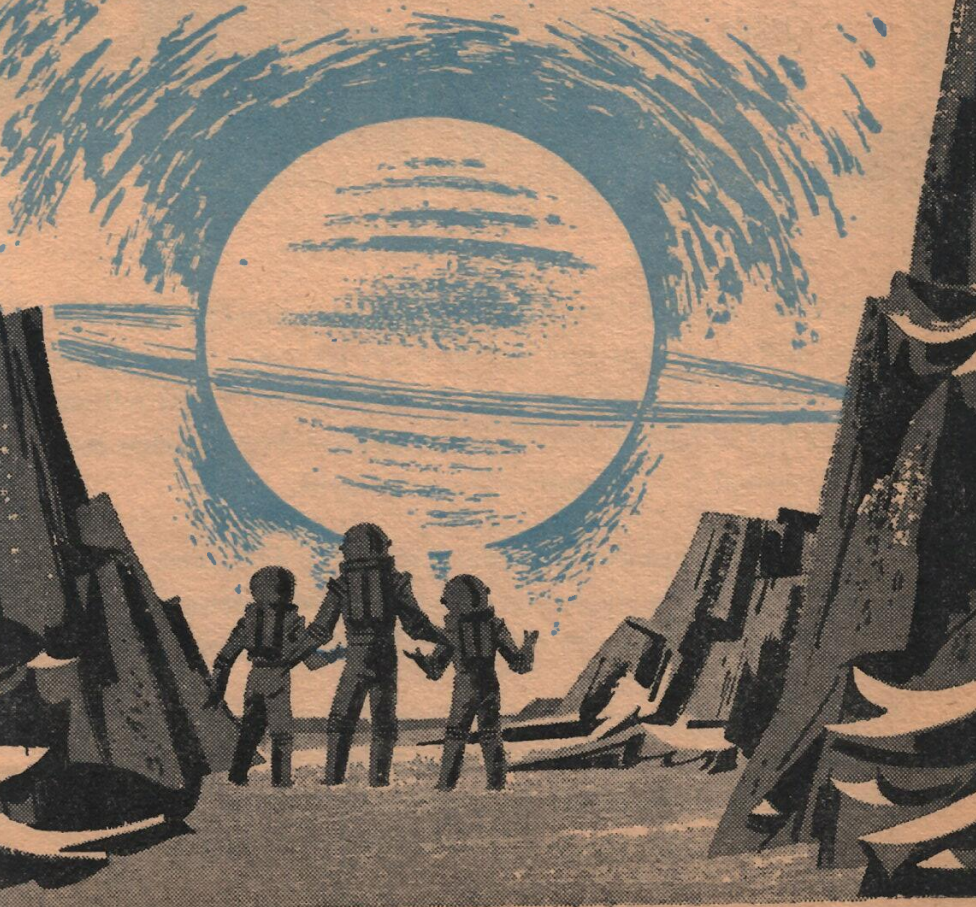
An illustration of three astronauts in dark suits and helmets, floating in a field of asteroids. The astronauts are positioned at the top, middle, and bottom right of the page. They are surrounded by numerous dark, irregularly shaped rocks of various sizes, some of which are splattered with red. The background is a light tan color, and the overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century children's magazine illustrations.

ASTERIODS. Just beyond the orbit of Mars lies a region filled with thousands of tiny bodies known as asteroids. Astronomers think they are the fragments of a small planet that exploded long before human history began. The largest asteroid, *Ceres*, has a diameter of almost 500 miles, but most of them are no bigger than a fair-sized mountain. There may be countless numbers that are chunks of stone smaller than we are. Of course we couldn't really stand on one that small. Its gravity would be too weak.



JUPITER, the next planet after Mars, is the giant of the solar system with a diameter of 88,000 miles! It takes Jupiter nearly 12 years to go around the sun. The planet's gravity pull is so powerful that we could hardly walk across its surface. Our feet would seem to be made of lead! Jupiter has more moons than any other planet — a full dozen of them! Its *great red spot* is a strange reddish blob that alters in size and shape as it wanders aimlessly over the planet. No astronomer knows just what it is.

SATURN is the most beautiful of all planets. Its three enormous rings may be made of dust and bits of rock or possible billions of tiny ice crystals. The planet is almost as large as Jupiter and it takes 29 years to make its journey around the sun. Saturn's nine moons all whirl around it in the same direction except for one contrary little moon named *Phoebe* that travels in the opposite direction!





URANUS, seventh planet from the sun, has a diameter of 31,000 miles, makes a trip around the sun every 84 years, and has five small moons. It is so far from the sun (about 1,800 million miles!) that its temperature is several hundred degrees below zero — cold enough to freeze solid any gas or liquid.

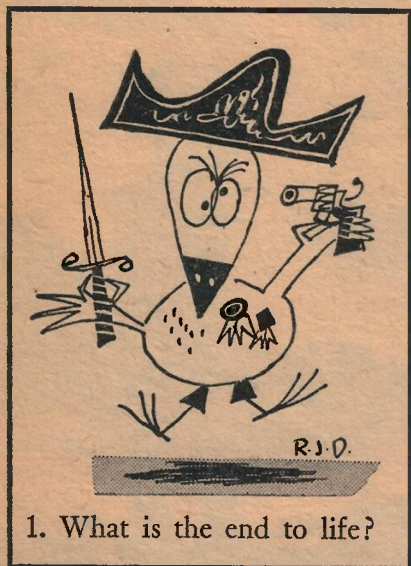
NEPTUNE. Since Neptune was discovered, 110 years ago, it has not yet made a single trip around the sun! Reason: the trip takes 165 years. It is a bit larger than Uranus and has two moons.

PLUTO, the ninth and last planet, has such a gigantic orbit that it takes 248 years to go all the way around the sun! It is the second tiniest planet, only a bit larger than Mercury. Pluto is so hard to see in even the most powerful telescope, that it was not discovered until 1930. It probably has no moon.



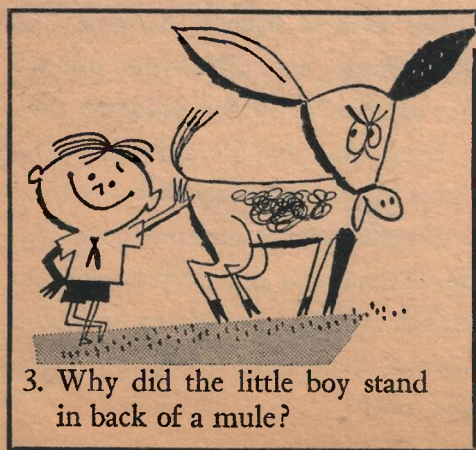
Are there other planets beyond the orbit of Pluto? Perhaps, but if so they have not yet been discovered. For all anyone knows, however, there may be millions of planets in the universe that belong to other solar systems. Every star that we see shining in our night sky is a sun! These suns are so far away that our telescopes cannot tell if they have planets moving around them, but many astronomers think they do. Perhaps at this very moment a boy on one of these distant worlds is looking at a star in *his* night sky—a star that is really our own sun. Perhaps he wonders if it has planets that are inhabited like his own!

Riddles



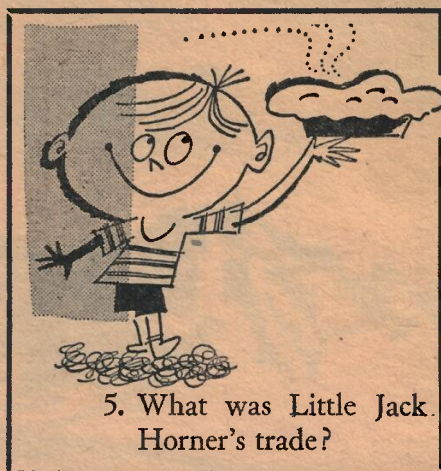
1. What is the end to life?

2. What is behind a star?



3. Why did the little boy stand in back of a mule?

4. What is too much for one, just right for two, but nothing at all for three?



5. What was Little Jack Horner's trade?

6. What has a foot at each end and one in the middle?

7. If all the exits were guarded, how did the burglar get away?

8. What is full of holes but holds water?

9. Is the second day of the week pronounced Toos-day or Tewsday?



10. When Columbus discovered America, where did he first stand?

15. What would you do if you found Chicago Ill?

16. What is it everyone can divide but no one can see where it is divided?

17. What is the correct height for people to stand?

18. When is a lamp in a bad humor?

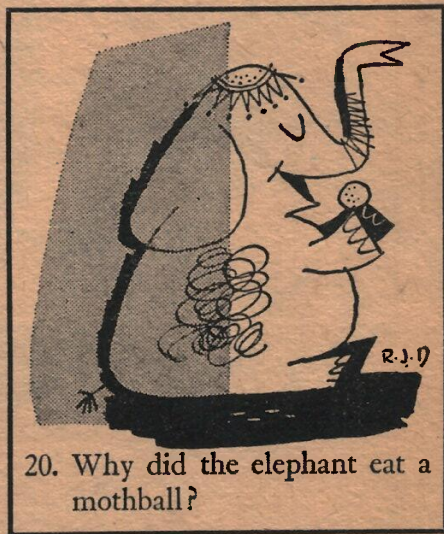
19. Why is snow like an apple tree?

11. How many three-cent stamps are there in a dozen?

12. Which is the craziest bird?

13. What can live on paper but will die on water?

14. Which month has 28 days?



20. Why did the elephant eat a mothball?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. The letter E. 2. A policeman. 3. He thought he would get a kick out of it. 4. A secret. 5. He was a plum-er. 6. A yardstick. 7. He went out an entrance. 8. A sponge. 9. Neither; the second day of the week is Monday. 10. On his feet. 11. Twelve. 12. The cuckoo. 13. Fire. 14. They all have. 15. Call Baltimore M.D. 16. Water. 17. Over two feet. 18. When it is put out. 19. It leaves in the spring. 20. To keep the moths out of his trunk.



From "The Adventures of Don Quixote" by Miguel de Cervantes, adapted by Leighton Barrett,

Spain's immortal knight rides to glory in this great classic

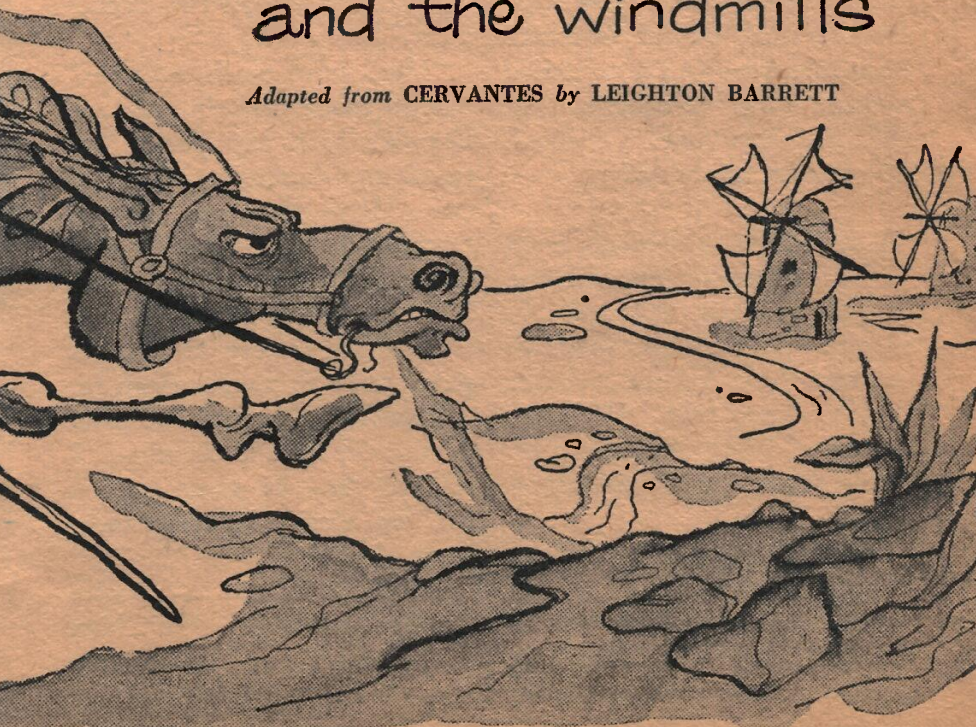
THOSE seasoned adventurers, Don Quixote and Rosinante, clattered out of town, one dark and windy night. Close behind them, Sancho Panza rode like a stout, contented patriarch on his faithful little gray donkey Dapple, who was the delight of his lazy short legs.

Fastened to Sancho's saddle was a wallet of the largest

DON QUIXOTE

and the windmills

Adapted from CERVANTES by LEIGHTON BARRETT



© 1939 by Warren Chappell. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

size. It held not only money for their journey, but also lint, ointment, bread, cheese, and clean shirts. Sancho favored more victuals and less laundry, but he consoled himself with the thought that his island would be brimful of all good things to eat.

At the first glimmer of daylight, he noticed that instead of going anywhere in particular they were wandering wherever Rosinante's fancy happened to stray. Sancho knew very little about islands, but he was sure Rosinante was not a good guide to them. "Sir!" He jogged Don Quixote's elbow until it clanked, "Do you see any islands?"

AROUSED so suddenly from his knightly meditations, Don Quixote saw not islands but enemies all about him. "Sancho," he cried, "our fortune is better than we could wish. We'll get enormous booty when I overthrow those huge giants ahead of us."

"What giants?" Sancho stopped in his tracks.

Don Quixote pointed with no uncertain finger. "See their long arms stretched to bar our path? I've read that giants can reach



"Master!" cried Sancho. "How

out and catch people two leagues away."

"Then we're much too close." Sancho made himself small on Dapple's back and peeped between the donkey's upstanding ears. "It seems to me," he said cautiously, "that those things you're pointing at are windmills. They can't do us any harm."

"You know very little about giants to be mistaking them for windmills." Don Quixote gathered up the slack of his reins. "I tell you they are giants, and if you are afraid, I'll ride them down alone."

Which he set out to do, with Sancho bawling after him, "Windmills! Lord look out for him. What's he up to now?"

"Stand your ground, cowardly



fare you?" Don Quixote shook his head sadly. "Fortune of war," he muttered.

giants," Don Quixote shouted. "I'm one knight, anxious to engage you in unequal combat."

Just then the wind freshened, and Don Quixote thought his enemies were threatening him with their long arms. Leveling his lance at the first of them, he charged full tilt.

"Windmill!" Sancho couldn't see it any other way.

Strangely enough, Sancho was perfectly right. The wind blew strong and the turning mill broke Don Quixote's lance to splinters. Rosinante took a glancing blow on the shoulder, and down he toppled. As for Don Quixote, he executed the most spectacular maneuvers. Whirling sails caught him up and cartwheeled him across the field.

Don Quixote opened his helmet and took a reproachful look at the world around him. "Fortune of war," he sadly proclaimed. "Black magic, in fact."

Sancho didn't know enough about magic to argue the point. He hove Rosinante upright again, and helped Don Quixote back in the saddle, asking him how they were to mend the shattered lance.

Don Quixote recalled what other knights used to do in such a fix. "They tore up whole trees by the roots," he said. "Remind me to do the same when we come to the first large oak."

Before Don Quixote found a tree large enough to satisfy him, the sun was hot overhead. He managed with Sancho's help, not

exactly to uproot the oak, but to break off a reasonably straight branch of it as a shaft for his lance head.

Sancho was thinking more of carving knives than of lances. "It's dinnertime," he announced. "We mustn't forget to eat."

Don Quixote said he had no appetite.

"What a terrible sign." Sancho wondered how such a thing was possible. "Why, you must be nearly dead, but you're so quiet that I never would have suspected it."

"I can't tell you how much I ache," said Don Quixote, "because it's against the rules of

knighthood to complain of any bruise."

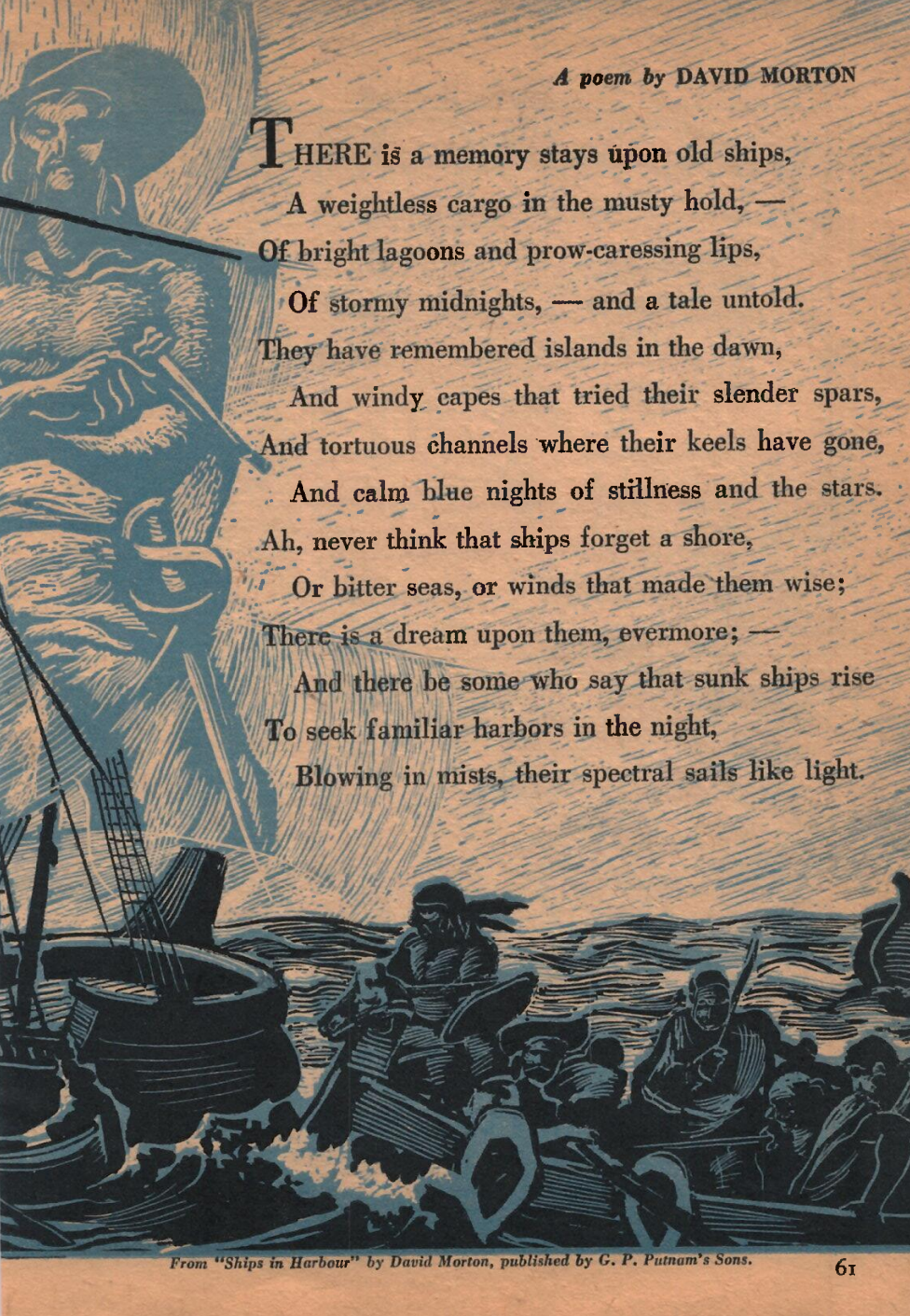
"I hope it's not against the rules of squirehood," Sancho bothered. "I groan easy, and I love to complain at the slightest scratch."

"Complain then, even before you are hurt." Don Quixote gave him leave.

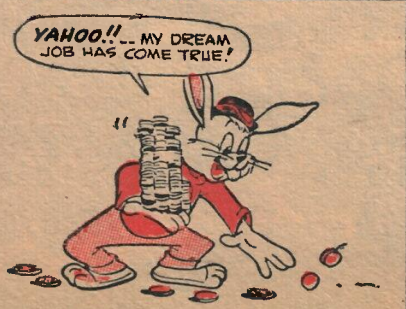
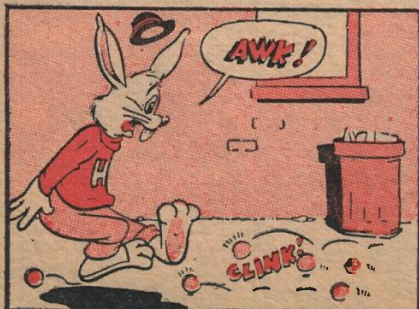
For the life of him, Sancho Panza could think of nothing at all to complain about, as he trotted behind the lean knight. With one hand dipping into the over-stuffed wallet, and the other one lifting the bottle, he munched and he swigged until his donkey found him heavy indeed.

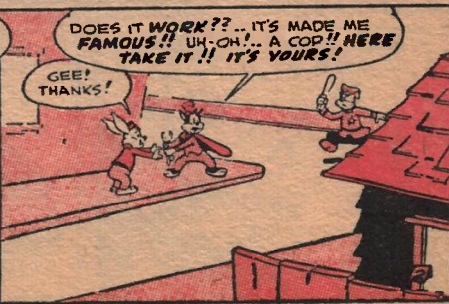
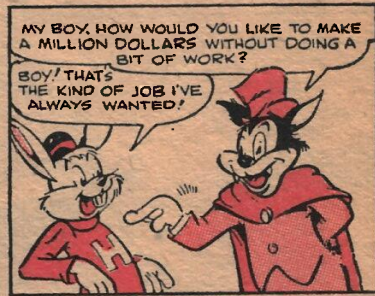
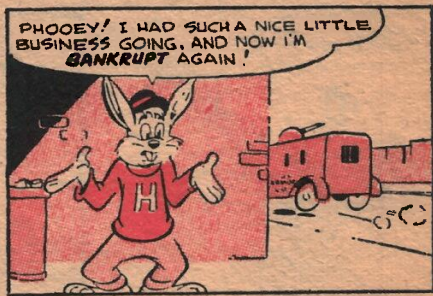
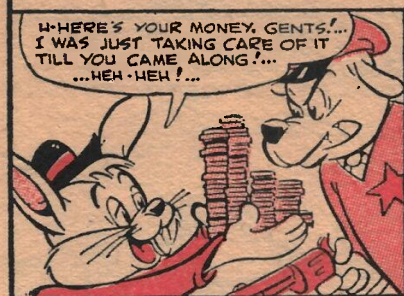
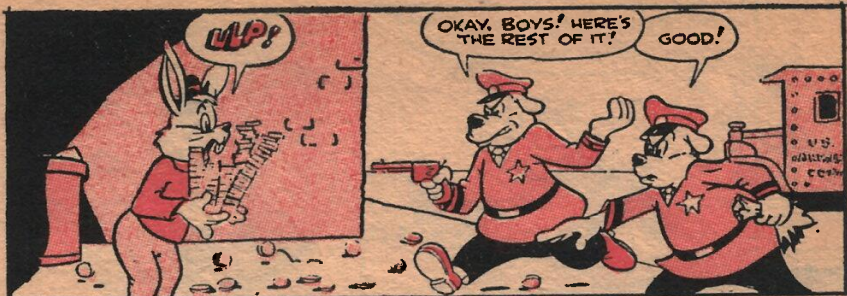
ANNOUNCING A BRAILLE EDITION OF CHILDREN'S DIGEST

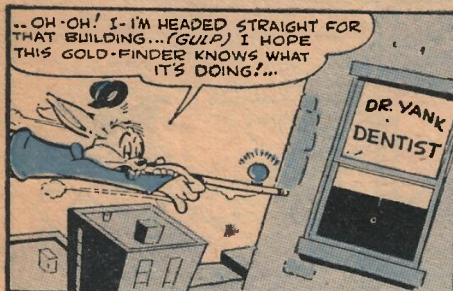
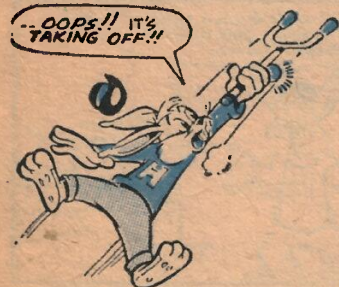
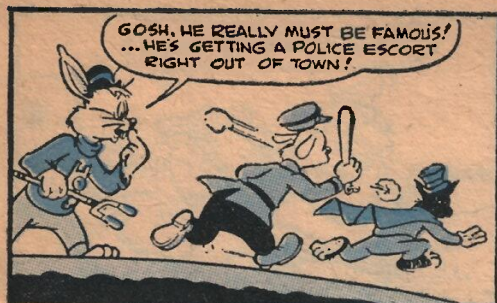
A Braille edition of CHILDREN'S DIGEST has been started for blind children by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky. CHILDREN'S DIGEST is the second largest circulation magazine for children in America (second only to HUMPTY DUMPTY). It has been published since 1950. CHILDREN'S DIGEST contains each month a selection of the best children's stories, both old and new, from other magazines and books. Subscriptions to the Braille edition of CHILDREN'S DIGEST are being sold at cost, \$8.70 per year, by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky.

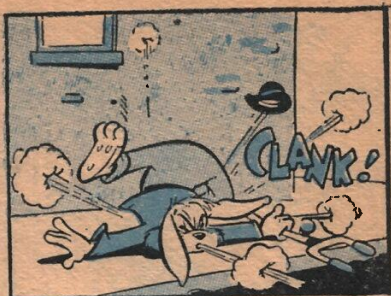


THERE is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold, —
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights, — and a tale untold.
They have remembered islands in the dawn,
And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
And tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
And calm blue nights of stillness and the stars.
Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,
Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;
There is a dream upon them, evermore; —
And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbors in the night,
Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light.

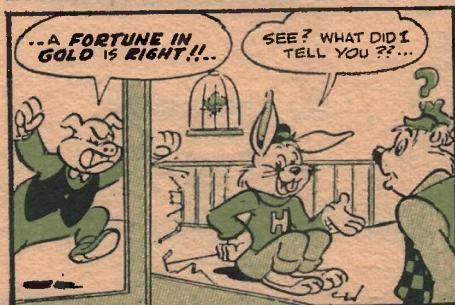












GINGER GETS THE BIRD

GINGER WAS A  WHO LOVED

FRESH  AND F  . SHE S  D

 D  FOOD,  M E T, AND

EV N TAST KIDN EEE , AND TURNED UP

HER  WHEN  , HER MISTRESS,

PL  D SOME IN HER  . "  , "

SAID I  , " U'RE THE FUSSIEST FE  "

IN THE  . " 1 THURSD A ,  WAS

BUSY PRE  A SPE  DINNER. SHE

4 GOT ALL ABOUT F E DING WHO JUST



Y D SADLY AND CRYPT HIND THE OVEN .



THE RANG AND W NT 2 ANSWER



IT. WHEN SHE K M BACK WAS ON THE



SM LING THE FOOD. "S !" YELLED



."THAT'S 4 U!" BUT



Y D SO SADLY THAT



SMI LED,



PL D SOME FOOD IN



AND SAID, " G S EV N A D SERVES A



HOLID A . PURRED HAPPILY AS SHE 8



HER THANKSGIVING



story by
Bee Lewis



The Floogles sprang to work with a hustle and bustle that shook the house.



*Anybody can celebrate a holiday in the usual way.
But this funny family wanted to be different.
So they invited the Pilgrims!*

The Floogles' Thanksgiving Dinner

A story by GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

THE air was cold and the air was frosty. Squashes were piled up in the barn, and the pumpkins were more gold than gold could be. Thanksgivingtime was coming, bringing the good dinners and the mince pies and the little candies in paper cups.

Amos and Fanny Flora Floogle were reading at school about

the Pilgrims and the first Thanksgiving and the friendly Indians.

At home Mr. Floogle and Mrs. Floogle listened carefully when Amos told them about the first Thanksgiving.

Mr. Floogle was especially pleased about Squanto.

"That trick of burying a fish

From "The Funny Fixes of the Floogle Family" by Gertrude Crampton, © 1952 by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc.

with the corn was certainly a good one," said Mr. Floogle. "We might try it next year. Squanto was just as smart as he was helpful."

"Ah, the poor dears!" said Mrs. Floogle. "Not much of a feast they had, was it?"

"The best they could cook," said Amos.

"Of course, of course," said Mrs. Floogle. "What with all the sickness and trouble and being in a new country and not having their gardens growing well. All I meant was that we certainly do better."

And then the Floogles got their wonderful idea for a Thanksgiving party for the Pilgrims.

"After all, the Pilgrims never had a really bang-up Thanksgiving feast," said Mrs. Floogle.

MR. Floogle said he just wanted to be sure nobody forgot to invite Squanto. There were a lot of things Squanto knew about growing corn. They could have a good talk.

Fanny Flora said they should be sure to invite the teacher.

Amos decided he'd better brush up on sign language, what with Indians coming and all.

Then the work began.

Mrs. Floogle and Fanny Flora cleaned the house from top to bottom. Mr. Floogle and Amos helped carry the mattresses in and the pillows out.

"The Pilgrims will be wanting to look all around the house," Mrs. Floogle explained, "after all those years of log cabins and puncheon floors and uncomfortable beds to sleep on."

So the Floogles worked with a right good will. They did not want a fluff of dust to be found in their house at the Thanksgiving party.

Then the pie making began. Pumpkin pies along the cellar stairs. Mince pies along the cellar windows. Apple pies along the porch railing. Snitkin had a hard time remembering his manners.

And the nut cracking! Walnuts on Sunday night. Pecans on Monday night. Peanuts on Tuesday night. Hazelnuts on Wednesday night. Almonds on Thursday night. Pistachios on Friday night. More peanuts on Saturday night.

And the baking! Fourteen loaves of crusty bread. Thirteen pans of crusty rolls. Four round cakes with chocolate frosting.



Illustrations by SANFORD KOSSIN

Fanny Flora and Amos were too unhappy and embarrassed to speak.

Three square cakes with maple frosting. Twenty-two cupcakes to eat in-between times.

And the turkeys! All the turkeys that would fit in the oven. Plump in the legs and white in the wings, with skin to turn crisp and golden from the heat of the fire.

And the stuffing! Sage and bread crumbs and celery and raisins and onions, and chestnuts besides.

"Heigh-ho," said Mrs. Floogle at last. "We're ready. Such a Thanksgiving dinner there never was. Such a Thanksgiving din-

ner there never will be again.

"Fanny Flora and Amos must tell the teacher tomorrow."

Fanny Flora and Amos said they would.

Mr. Floogle said to be sure not to forget about Squanto. In fact, Mr. Floogle thought it would be a good idea to write everything down in a note. So they did. Fanny Flora did the copying since she wrote very prettily, and Mrs. Floogle gave a beautiful hand-painted envelope left over from last year's Fourth-of-July fireworks.

Next morning Amos and



Food was piled everywhere—reaching practically up to the ceiling.

Fanny Flora set out happily for school. They were careful not to leave thumb prints on the envelope.

Mr. Floogle and Mrs. Floogle stayed at home and waited.

At noon, almost before Amos and Fanny Flora got in the door, Mrs. Floogle took off her apron and said, "Are they coming? Are they all coming?"

But Amos looked sad. And Fanny Flora looked unhappy.

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Floogle "Trouble with Squanto?"

Amos and Fanny Flora were too unhappy and embarrassed to speak.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Floogle. "I've a dinner to cook tomorrow. How many are coming?"

"None," said Fanny Flora.

"Except the teacher," said Amos.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Floogle.

"Dead," said Fanny Flora.

"Dead?" asked Mr. Floogle.

"Except the teacher," said Amos. "The Pilgrims and the first Thanksgiving and Squanto and the fish were all back in 1620."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Floogle. "That's before our time. That's even before Big Grand-

father's time."

"That's more than three hundred years ago," said Mr. Floogle. He was very quick at arithmetic, as long as there weren't any fractions.

"Oh, my!" said all the Floogles.

"I think it very odd that the teacher did not tell you," said Mrs. Floogle.

Amos hung his head. "She did, but we forgot."

AFTER supper, which was quite a sad meal, for the Floogles had had their hearts set on a party, the teacher came to the Floogles' kitchen.

The Floogles tried to pretend that the mistake didn't matter a bit, and that they had known about 1620 all along.

But the teacher saw all the pies and all the cakes and all the rolls and all the loaves of bread and all the nuts and all the turkeys and all the stuffing and all the sad Floogles pretending so hard. She rubbed her cheek and her chin and then she said, "There are others besides the Pilgrims who have bad years and poor homes."

"Why, of course!" shouted Mr. Floogle.

"Certainly," agreed Mrs. Floogle.

And the Floogles smiled happily with no pretending at all.

Amos hopped on his bicycle and Fanny Flora rode with him, and they raced here and they raced there, and they took notes to this house and they took notes to that house.

When they got home, Mr. Floogle and Mrs. Floogle and the teacher were waiting.

"Everyone," promised Amos and Fanny Flora. "Everyone's coming tomorrow!"

So the Floogles' Thanksgiving dinner was a happy one, with the enormous stomach-ache fairly divided. For, though the Pilgrims could not come, instead came all the people for miles around who'd had a hard year.

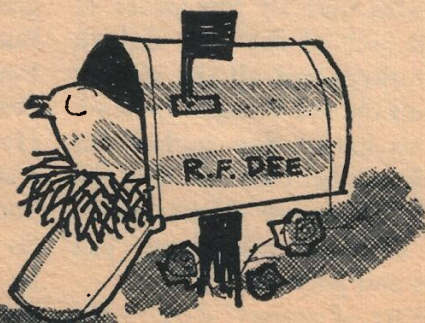
Mr. Floogle did miss Squanto, for he had set great store on getting his advice about corn. But as it turned out, the man four chairs away did a great deal of fishing in his spare time. He very kindly offered to bring a string of fish now and then to bury in Mr. Floogle's cornfield. So Mr. Floogle was happy, and he carved the white meat and he carved the dark with a right good will and a sharp, sharp knife.

IN SHORT...

There are many things people find too long to say. They use initials for them, instead. Here are some very well-known abbreviations. How many do you know?

Answers on page 122

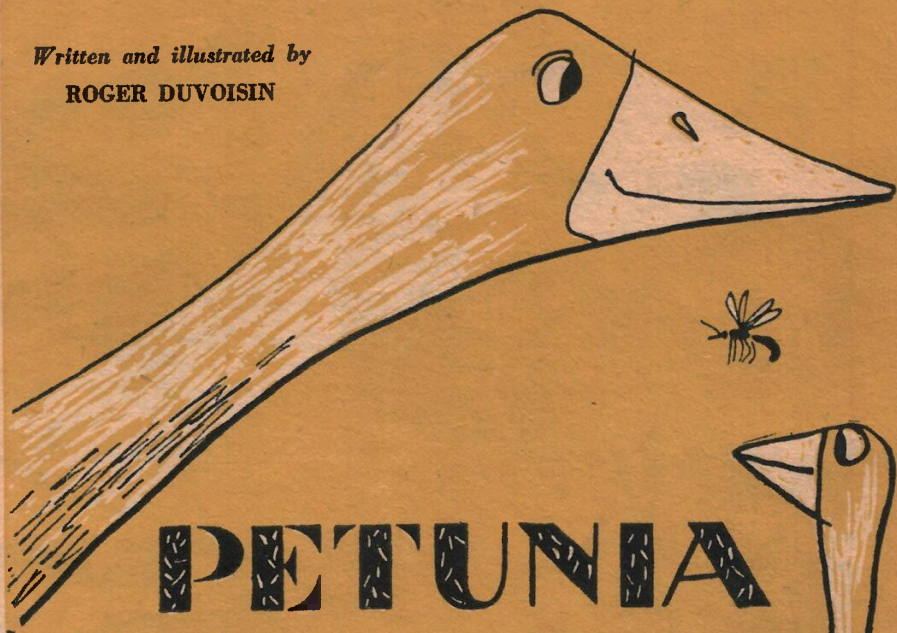
- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. C.O.D. | 11. Y.M.C.A. |
| 2. P.S. | 12. R.F.D. |
| 3. D.A. | 13. A.E.F. |
| 4. A.D. | 14. A.F.L. |
| 5. M.D. | 15. B.A. |
| 6. M.C. | 16. G.O.P. |
| 7. I.Q. | 17. P.O.B. |
| 8. F.O.B. | 18. P.M. |
| 9. N.G. | 19. R.I.P. |
| 10. U.S.N. | 20. S.P.C.A. |



From "Sixty Snappy Quizzes," © 1949 by Hart Publishing Co.

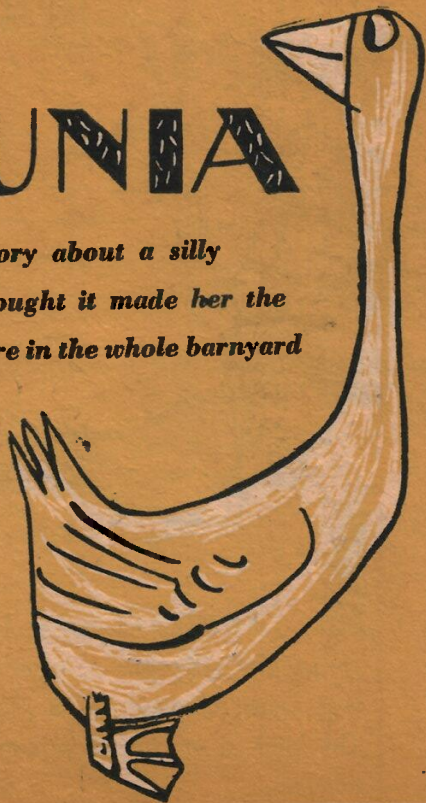
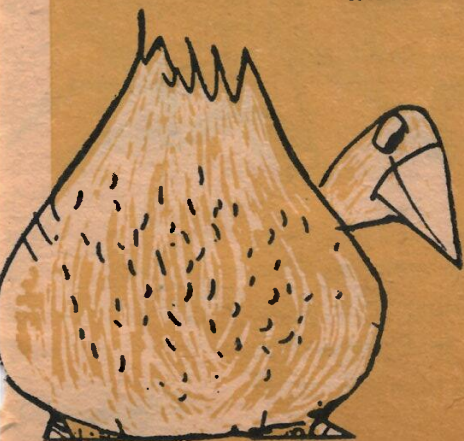
A CHILDREN'S DIGEST PICTURE STORY

Written and illustrated by
ROGER DUVOISIN



PETUNIA

*Here's a famous picture story about a silly
goose who found a book and thought it made her the
wisest creature in the whole barnyard*



Adapted from "Petunia" by Roger Duvoisin, © 1950 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishers.



IN THE MEADOW, early one morning, Petunia, the silly goose, went strolling. She ate a bug here, clipped off a clover leaf there, and she picked at the dewdrops on the goldenrod leaves...

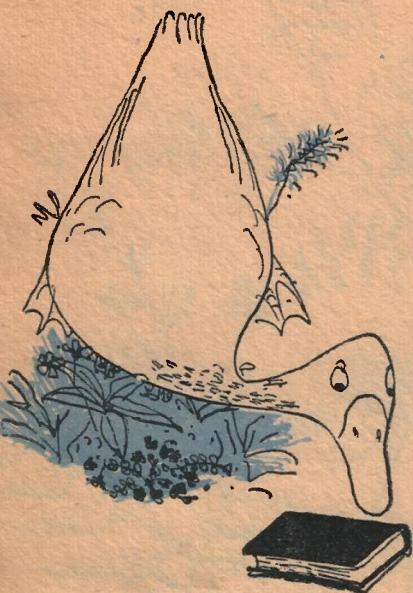




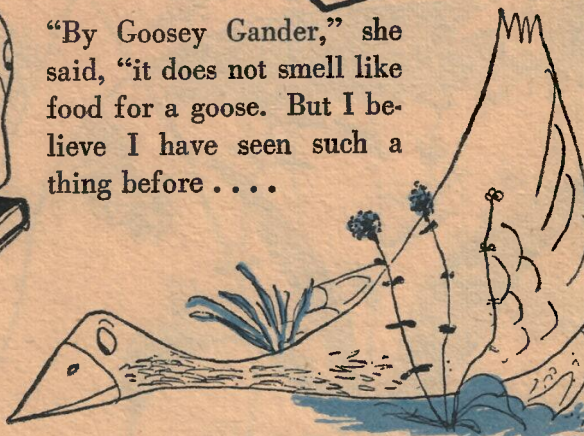
. . . then, suddenly, she saw something she had never seen before in the meadow. What was it?



Petunia stole closer
and closer, and sniffed
at it from all sides.



"By Goosey Gander," she
said, "it does not smell like
food for a goose. But I be-
lieve I have seen such a
thing before



"... yes, I have seen one under
Bill's arm one day after school. It's
a Book. That's it. A BOOK!

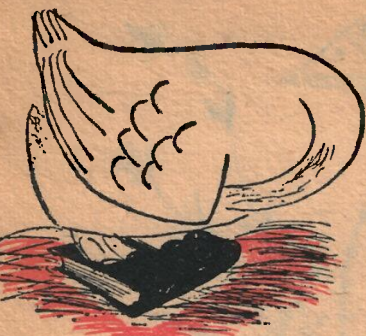
"Come to think of it, just the other
day I heard Mr. Pumpkin telling
Bill that Books are very precious.
'He who owns Books and loves
them is wise.' That is what he said."



“He who owns Books and loves them is wise,” repeated Petunia to herself. And she thought as hard and as long as she could. “Well, then,” she said at last, “if I take this Book with me, and love it, I will be wise, too. And no one will call me a silly goose ever again.”



So Petunia picked up the Book, and off she went with it.



She slept with it



she swam with it.

And, knowing that she was so wise, Petunia also became proud,

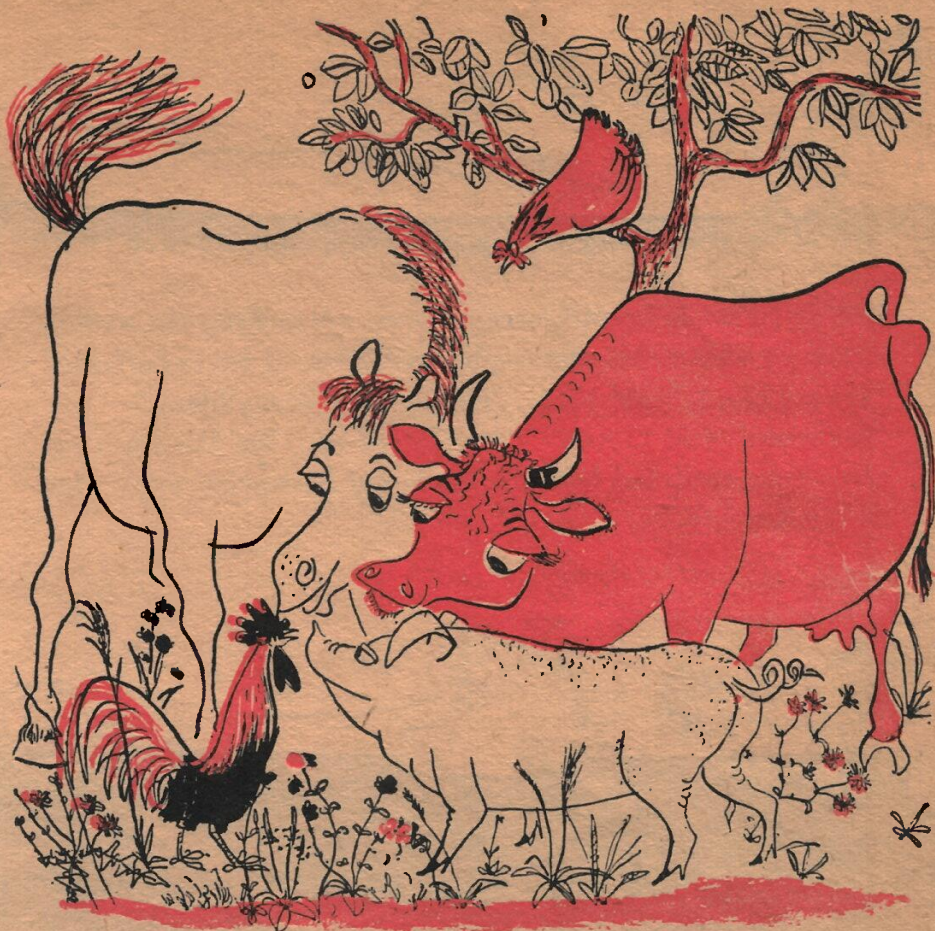


and prouder

and prouder

so proud

that her neck stretched out several notches.



It was King, the rooster, who first noticed the change in Petunia. He said, "Maybe Petunia is not so silly after all. She has a Book. And she looks so wise that she must be so."

And the other animals began to believe in Petunia's wisdom too. They asked her for advice and opinions, and Petunia was glad to help — even when she was not asked.

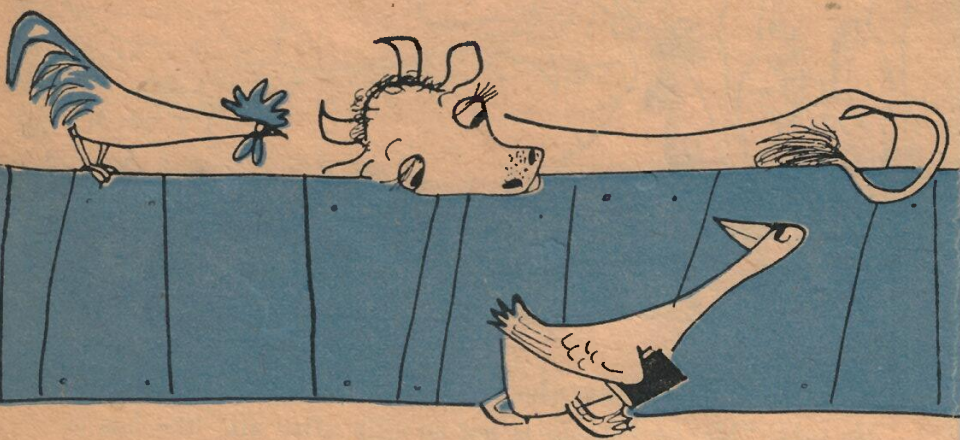
Petunia grew still prouder
and her neck stretched out *another* notch.



One day, Petunia heard Clover, the cow, say to King, the rooster, "I wonder what makes your comb so red, King; as red as the barn."

"It's my blood," said King. "It's the color of my blood."

"Nonsense," said Clover. "I have blood too. But I'm not a red cow. Your comb has been dipped in red barn-paint, that's what makes it so red."



"You are both silly, of course," said Petunia. "King, your comb was stuck on by the farmer so he can tell you from the hens and know who lays eggs and who doesn't. Plastic comb, I'd say." And so King never again shook his proud comb in song for fear it might fall off.

Poor sad rooster.

But Petunia had other things to do.

At the chicken coop, Ida, the hen, was cackling excitedly among her chicks. "Oh, Petunia," she said, "my chicks and I have been for a walk in the woods, and I think I've lost some of them. The farmer says I had nine but I can't count so very well. Please, wise Petunia, count my chicks to see if they're all here."

"Glad to help," said Petunia. "Hm. Let's see. Three chicks at the fountain. Three at the feeder. Three about your legs. Now — three times three? That makes six . . ."

"Six?" asked Ida. "Six! Is that less than nine?"

"That's *more* than nine, not less," said Petunia. "*Lots* more, my



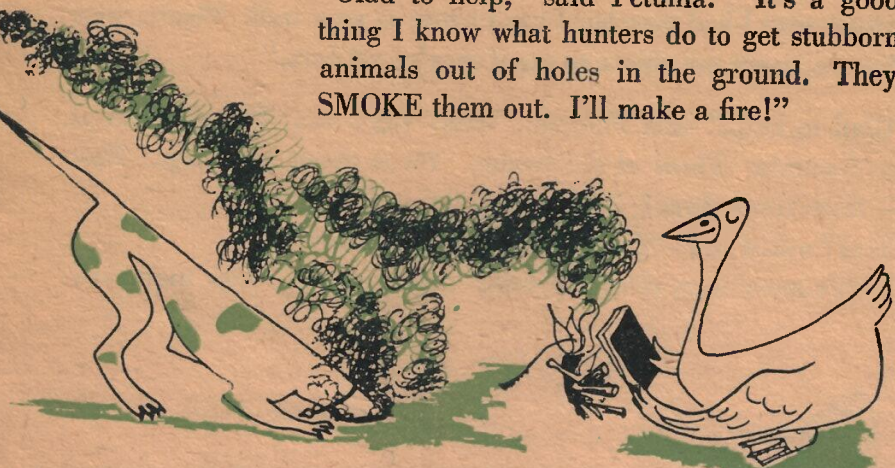
dear!" "*More than nine?* — Good gracious! As if I hadn't enough worries with my own nine chicks. And where do those other chicks come from? . . . Oh, dear, I'll never be happy again." Poor worried Ida.

But Petunia had other things to do.

In the meadow she discovered part of Noisy, the dog, sticking out of a hole in the ground.

"Help! Help!" cried Noisy. "I stuck my head in this rabbit hole, and now it won't come out. Help!"

"Glad to help," said Petunia. "It's a good thing I know what hunters do to get stubborn animals out of holes in the ground. They SMOKE them out. I'll make a fire!"



And so, wise Petunia built a fire in the other end of the hole and fanned it well with the Book.



Her trick worked nicely. Noisy, choking with smoke, jerked his head out of the hole and ran off howling with pain. His nose was singed with the fire, and his ears were cut and bruised.

Poor moaning dog.

But Petunia had other things to do.

Beside the hedgerow she met Straw, the horse, who was in pain from a toothache.

"Petunia," groaned Straw, "I'm dying. Surely, with your wisdom, you can stop this horrible pain."



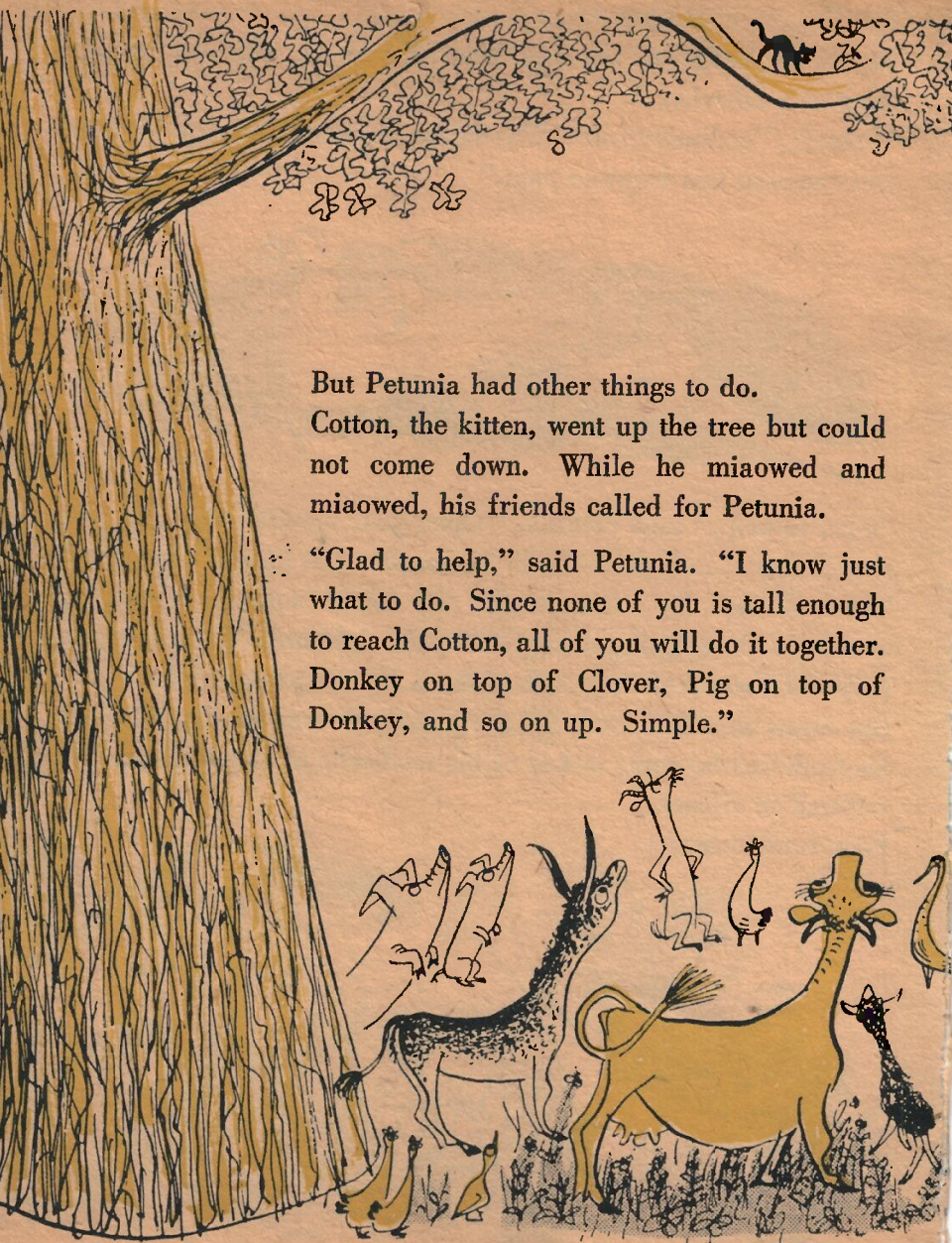
"Glad to help," said Petunia. "Open your mouth. Why . . . you poor Straw . . . all these teeth! No wonder you have a toothache."

"Look at me. Do I have teeth? Of course not. So I have no toothache. I am going to stop that pain right now. I am going to pull ALL those teeth out. ALL of them. Let me get some pliers . . ."

But Straw would not wait for the pliers. He was so afraid to lose his teeth that he never talked of his toothache to another soul. He suffered in silence.

Poor forlorn horse.



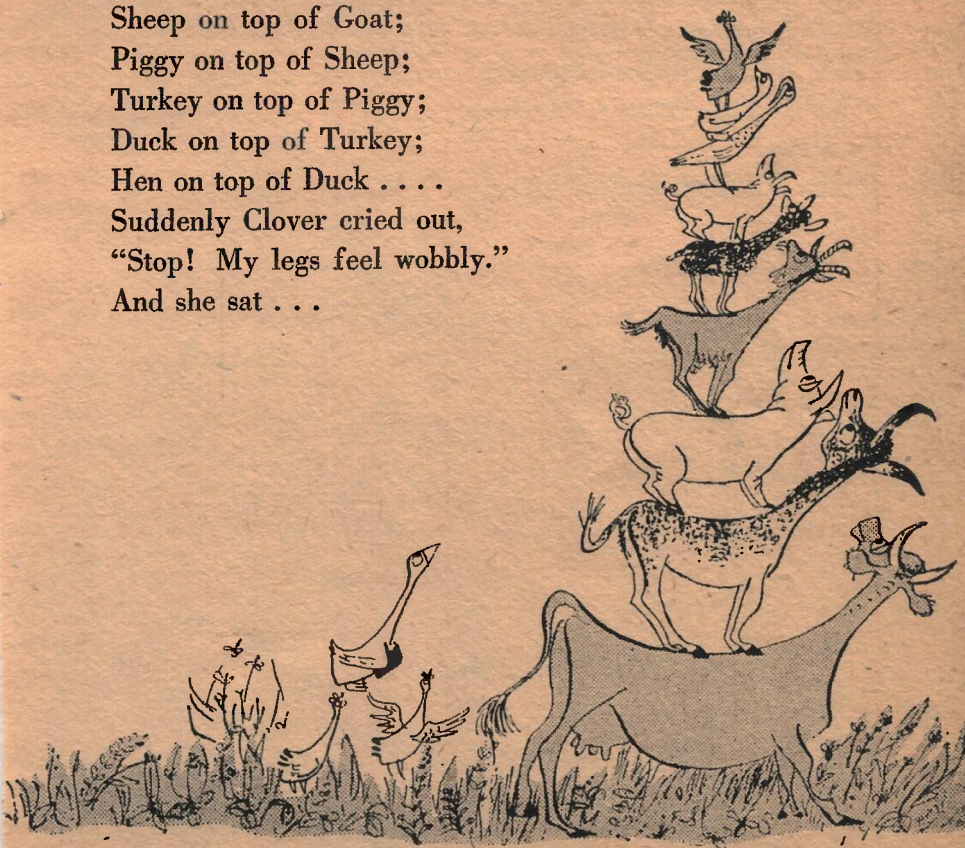


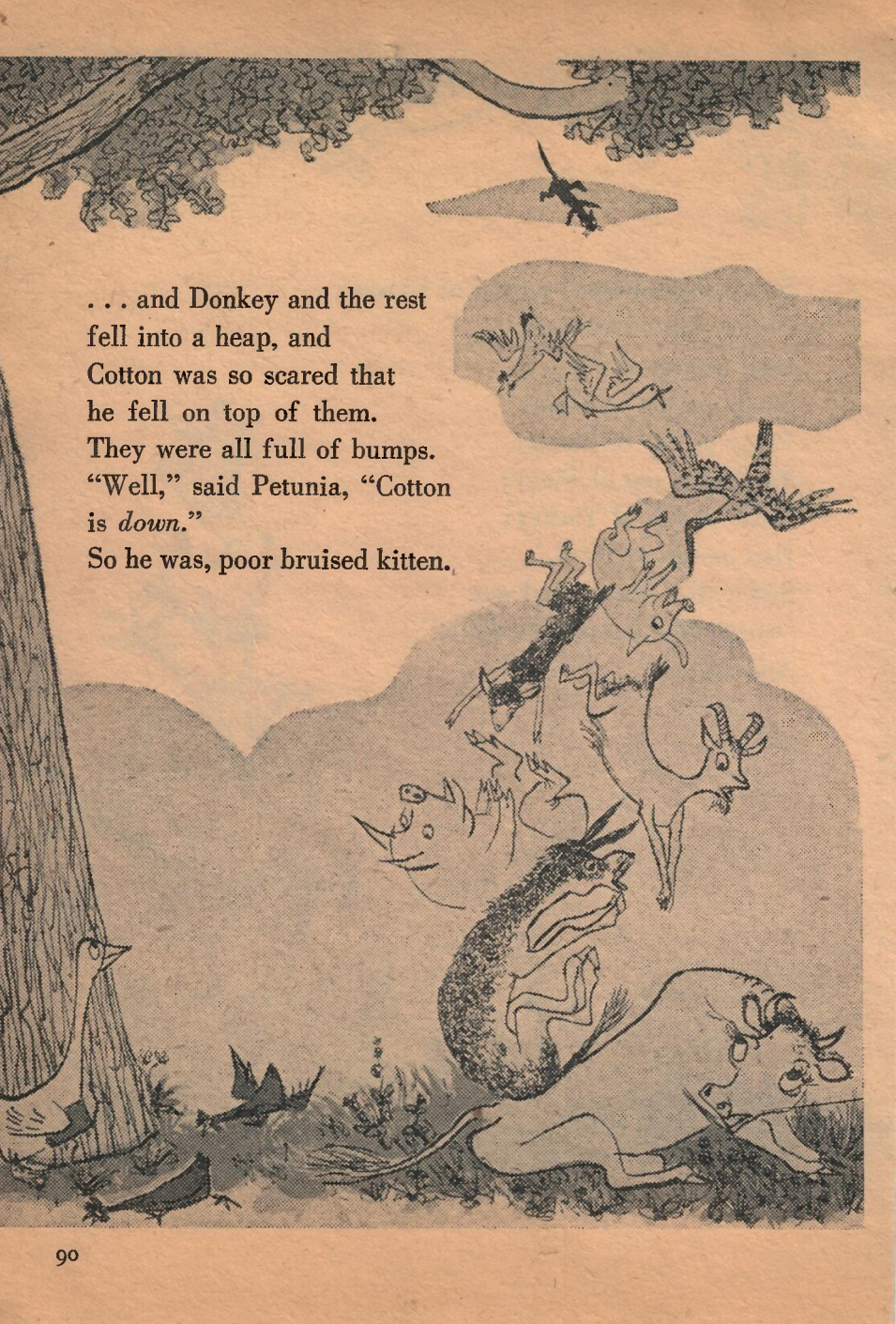
But Petunia had other things to do. Cotton, the kitten, went up the tree but could not come down. While he miaowed and miaowed, his friends called for Petunia.

"Glad to help," said Petunia. "I know just what to do. Since none of you is tall enough to reach Cotton, all of you will do it together. Donkey on top of Clover, Pig on top of Donkey, and so on up. Simple."



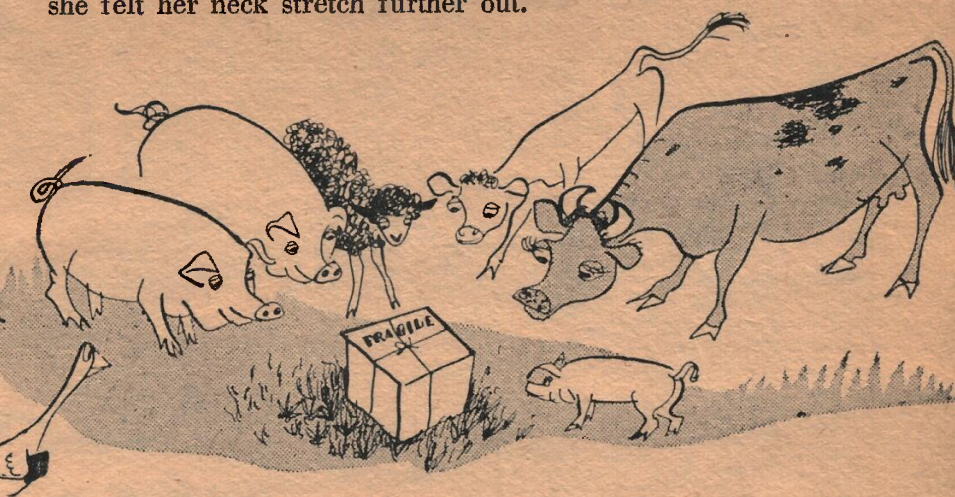
So Donkey climbed on top of Clover;
Pig on top of Donkey;
Goat on top of Pig;
Sheep on top of Goat;
Piggy on top of Sheep;
Turkey on top of Piggy;
Duck on top of Turkey;
Hen on top of Duck
Suddenly Clover cried out,
"Stop! My legs feel wobbly."
And she sat . . .





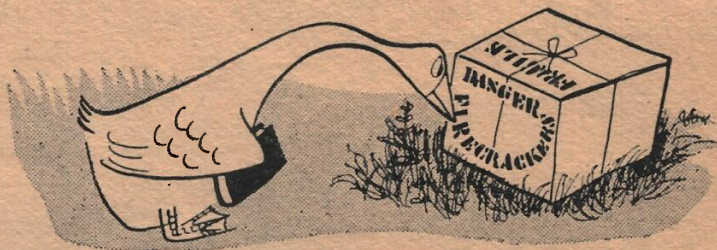
... and Donkey and the rest
fell into a heap, and
Cotton was so scared that
he fell on top of them.
They were all full of bumps.
“Well,” said Petunia, “Cotton
is *down*.”
So he was, poor bruised kitten.

But Petunia had other things to do. Getting prouder all the time, she felt her neck stretch further out.



She now wandered down the meadow where she found some other friends gathered around a box.

“Ah, wise Petunia,” they shouted. “We found this box in the ditch beside the road. Maybe it’s food, Petunia. Please tell us what the writing on it says.”



“Glad to help,” said Petunia. “Now, let’s see . . . Why, CANDIES. That’s what it says on that box. Yes, candies. You may eat them. Yes, of course.”

No sooner had Petunia given the word, than seven greedy mouths tore up the box and grabbed the candies out of it, and . . .





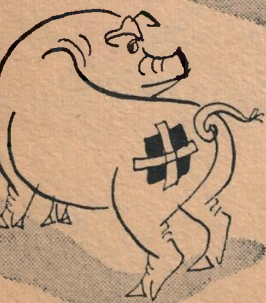
What a sight the animals were!



Some were burned.



Some were bruised.

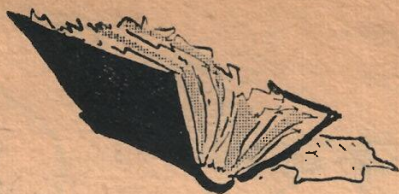




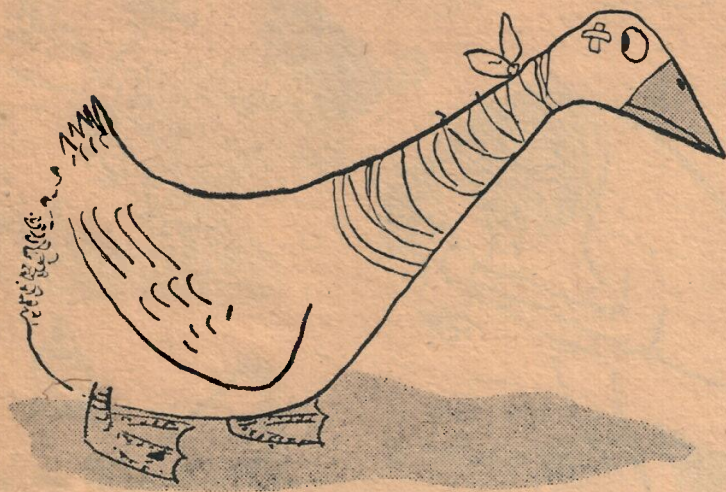
Straw still suffered in silence.
Noisy still moaned.
Ida still worried about her chicks.
King still brooded over his comb.



All the barnyard was in trouble, and all because of Petunia.



Petunia's pride and wisdom had exploded with the firecrackers.



Her neck had shrunk back to its old size and was all bandaged up. She was the most downhearted of all, for she saw now that she was not a bit wise.

But suddenly, Petunia spied the Book. The firecrackers had blown it open so that the pages showed. She had never seen them before. Now she saw that there was something written inside the Book which she could not read. So she sat down and thought and thought and thought, until at last she sighed, "Now I understand. It was not enough to carry wisdom under my wing. I must put it in my mind and heart. And to do that I must learn to read."



Petunia was filled with joy. At once she began to work so that, one day, she could be truly wise. Then she would help make her friends happy.

Say "Merry Christmas"

with these

SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S MAGAZINE for little children 3 to 7

Delightful creative activities and enchanting stories in simple words and pictures youngsters love. Each 124 page issue brings Stories for Beginning Readers, Read-Aloud and Tell-Me Stories, coloring pages, cut-outs, games, puzzles, exciting things to do.

Regular rate: 1 year (10 issues) \$3.50

CHILDREN'S DIGEST for boys and girls 5 to 12

America's most popular children's magazine! 124 colorfully illustrated pages of best-loved classics and stories by authors like Stevenson, Kipling, Dickens, Milne—plus picture stories, science magic, history, hobbies, puzzles, riddles.

Regular rate: 1 year (10 issues) \$3.50

CALLING ALL GIRLS for girls 7 to 14

Each colorful, 124 page issue brings fascinating stories, adventures, good comics, exciting things to sew, cook and do—guidance on grooming, personality and etiquette.

Regular rate: 1 year (10 issues) \$3.50

Published by the Publishers of Parents' Magazine

FREE!

A colorful gift card signed in your name will announce each gift, and will be timed to arrive just before Christmas!

ORDER GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW AT MONEY-SAVING CHRISTMAS RATES

Mail this convenient coupon TODAY!



year-round gifts of good reading at—

CHRISTMAS RATES



Your choice of any magazine

**\$ 2.50
ONLY EACH**

for 2 or more one-year gifts



for
teen-agers



for
parents

COMPACT—the teen-age digest

Brimful of entertainment and information—fiction, romance, adventure, campus humor, cartoons, book digests, features on celebrities; colleges, careers, dating, dancing, sports, him-and-her fashions. 124 pages of everything important to young people.

Regular rate: 1 year (10 issues) \$3.50

PARENTS' MAGAZINE—on rearing children from crib to college

The perfect gift for parents with children of all ages. Each issue brings clear, specific answers in authoritative articles on baby care, child health, education, training—every phase of physical, mental and emotional growth. Read in over 1,675,000 homes each month.

Regular rate: 1 year (12 issues) \$3

PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, Inc., Subscription Dept., Bergenfield, N. J.

Please enter the following subscriptions at the MONEY-SAVING Christmas rates of \$2.50 each for 2 or more one-year gifts. (Single one-year subscription—regular rate.)

Magazine.....

Magazine.....

Send to.....

Send to.....

Address.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Send gift cards from.....

Your name and address.....

☐ I enclose \$.....

☐ Please send bill

C-11-6B

List additional subscriptions on separate sheet. Postage outside U.S. and Canada 50¢ a year extra.

MICHELANGELO MAKER OF GIANTS



I'D LIKE
TO BE A
STONE-
CUTTER,
TOO.

YOU ARE A
NOBLEMAN, LIKE
ME, MICHEL.



WE LIVED IN ITALY SOME 450 YEARS AGO.
BUT TODAY, AND, FOR ALL THE TOMORROWS
TO COME, MEN WILL STAND IN AWE OF THE
GIANTS HE CREATED.



WHY DO YOU
BOW, FATHER?
HE IS A BOY
NO BIGGER
THAN I.

THAT'S
PIERO.
SOME DAY
HE WILL
BE HEAD OF
THE HOUSE OF
MEDICI AND
RULE US ALL.



AT THIS SCHOOL, ALL YOUR CLASSMATES WILL BE SONS OF NOBLEMEN. COPY THEM!

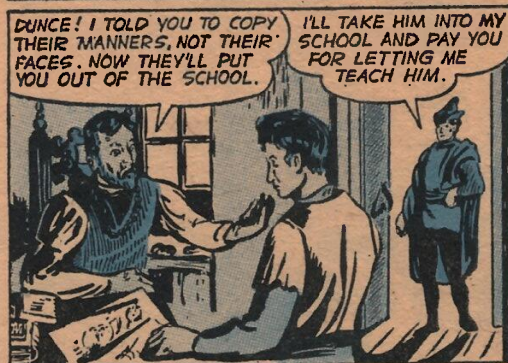
I WILL TRY, FATHER.



MICHEL IS MAKING FUNNY PICTURES OF ME IN HIS BOOK, TEACHER.

MY FATHER TOLD ME TO COPY YOU.

YOUR FATHER SHALL HEAR OF THIS, MICHEL.



DUNCE! I TOLD YOU TO COPY THEIR MANNERS, NOT THEIR FACES. NOW THEY'LL PUT YOU OUT OF THE SCHOOL.

I'LL TAKE HIM INTO MY SCHOOL AND PAY YOU FOR LETTING ME TEACH HIM.



THE STRANGER PROVED TO BE A GREAT ARTIST WHO HAD SEEN MICHELANGELO'S SKETCHES.

YOU CAN HAVE HIM. HE'LL ONLY WASTE HIS TIME DRAWING ART SCHOOL PICTURES. IN FLORENCE.

I'LL TRAIN HIM. I HAVE THE BEST ART SCHOOL PICTURES. IN FLORENCE.



VERY GOOD, MICHEL! I THINK I'LL LET YOU SKETCH IN THE GARDENS OF THE MEDICI PALACE.

WHY, THAT'S WHERE PIERO LIVES.

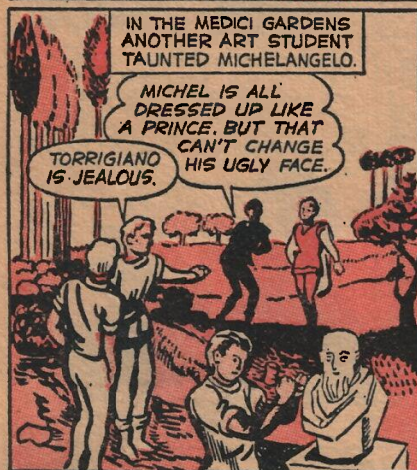
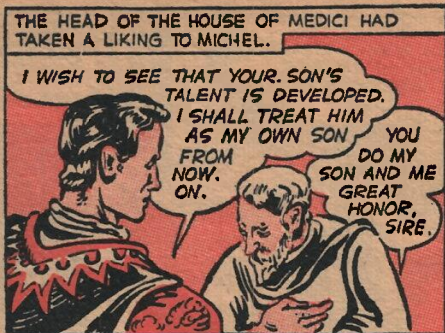
IF HE PLEASES PIERO'S FATHER, HE'S ON THE ROAD TO FAME.



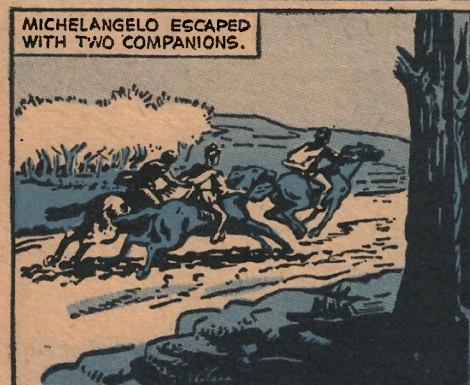
ONE DAY IN THE PALACE GARDENS...

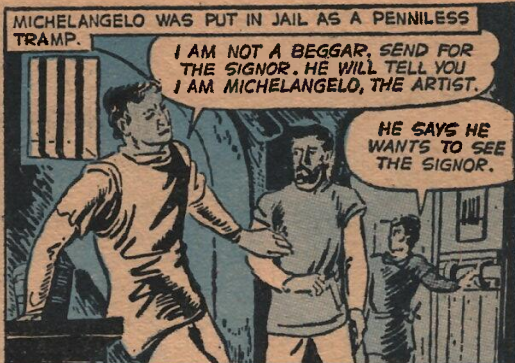
WHY HAVE YOU KNOCKED OUT ONE OF THE FAUN'S TEETH, MICHEL?

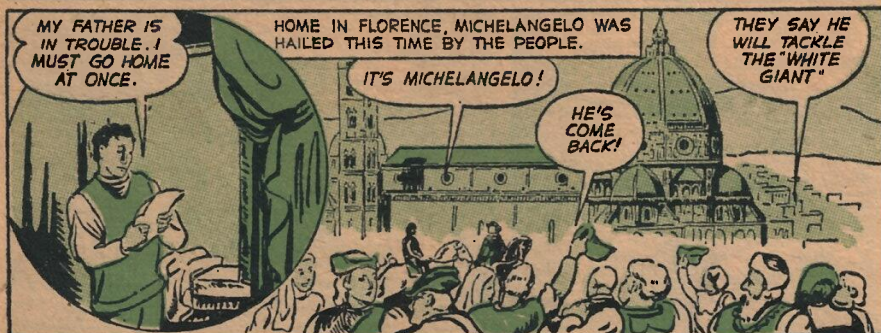
BECAUSE HE'S A VERY OLD FAUN, YOUR GRACE.











DAVID WAS GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY.

WHY ARE WE
ON GUARD
HERE?

NO HARM MUST
COME TO THIS
GREAT STATUE.



RIVAL ARTISTS SET A TRAP FOR MICHELANGELO.

HE IS STEALING ALL
THE GLORY FROM
US.

IF HE HAD TO DO A
PAINTING, HE'D FAIL. HE'S
ONLY A STONE-CUTTER.



YOUR HOLINESS, I AM
A STONE-CUTTER,
NOT A PAINTER.
THERE ARE MANY
ARTISTS WHO COULD
PAINT THE CEILING
OF THE SISTINE
CHAPEL BETTER
THAN I.

BUT I
WANT YOU,
MICHELANGELO.

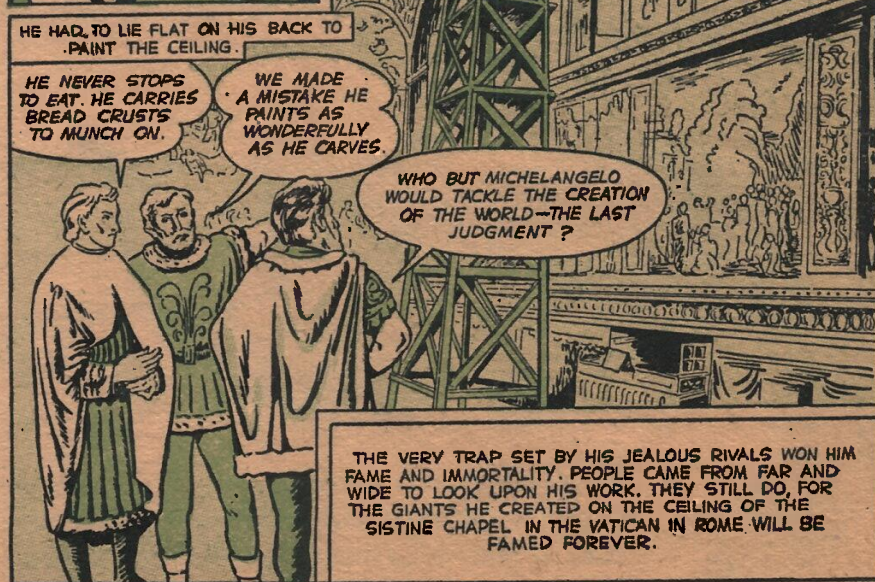


HE HAD TO LIE FLAT ON HIS BACK TO
PAINT THE CEILING.

HE NEVER STOPS
TO EAT. HE CARRIES
BREAD CRUSTS
TO MUNCH ON.

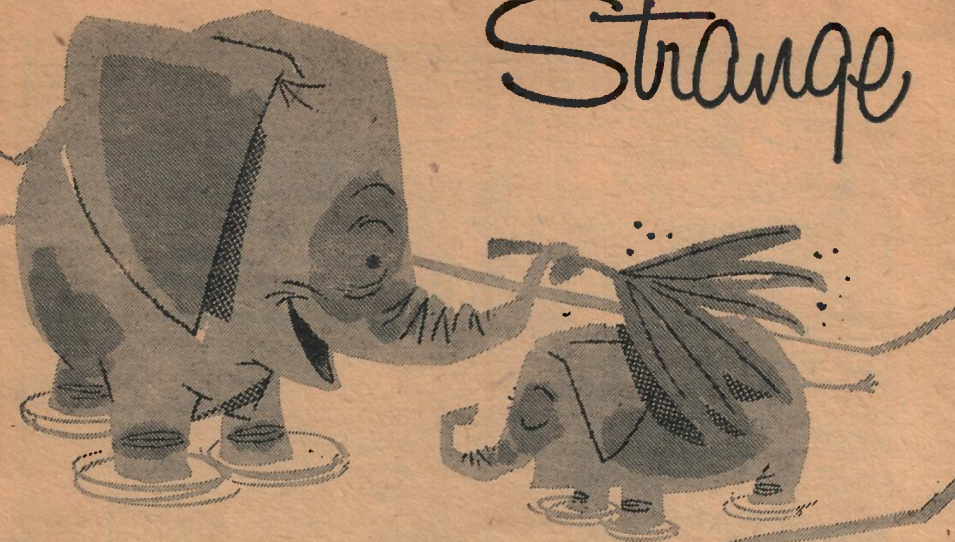
WE MADE
A MISTAKE HE
PAINTS AS
WONDERFULLY
AS HE CARVES.

WHO BUT MICHELANGELO
WOULD TACKLE THE CREATION
OF THE WORLD--THE LAST
JUDGMENT?

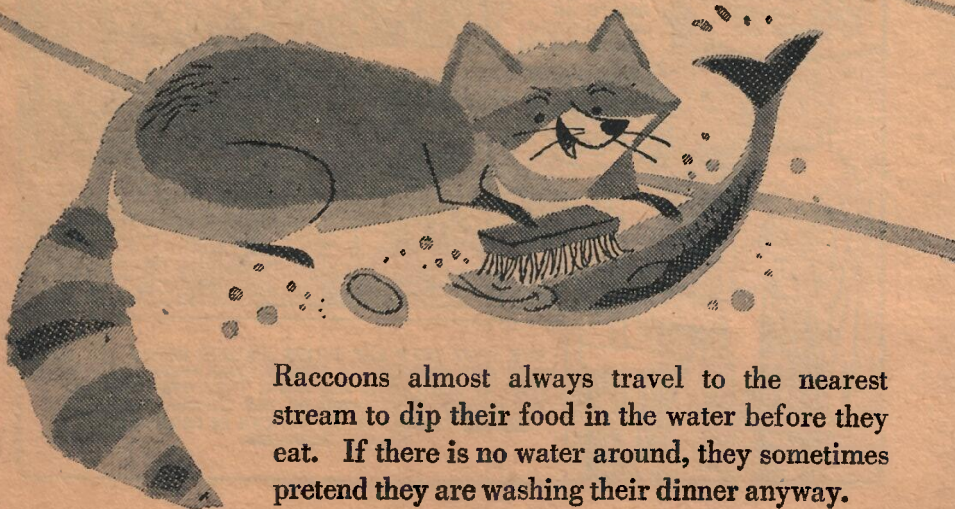


THE VERY TRAP SET BY HIS JEALOUS RIVALS WON HIM
FAME AND IMMORTALITY. PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND
WIDE TO LOOK UPON HIS WORK. THEY STILL DO, FOR
THE GIANTS HE CREATED ON THE CEILING OF THE
SISTINE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN IN ROME WILL BE
FAMED FOREVER.

Strange



Mother elephants make fly swatters out of tree branches, and use them to keep their babies from getting bitten up.



Raccoons almost always travel to the nearest stream to dip their food in the water before they eat. If there is no water around, they sometimes pretend they are washing their dinner anyway.

but true



When your mouth gets dry, you say to yourself, "I'm thirsty." A frog knows it's time for water when it gets a dry feeling in its toes.



Moths and butterflies have the best smellers in the world. A butterfly can smell its mate a mile away.

Bees use the little feelers on top of their heads (antennae) for smelling.

Most mother bears spank their babies.





Copyright 1947, by Story Parade, Inc. Reprinted by permission.



*Imagination is a wonderful
thing—it can turn a cloudburst into
sunshine and fear into laughter*

PICNIC in the Rain

A story by MILDRED LAWRENCE

THE only thing that Trudy liked about the new school was the fat yellow bus that came for her every morning and brought her home every afternoon. And it wasn't the bus she liked so much as the game Daddy played with her.

Every morning Trudy, dressed and ready to go fifteen minutes ahead of time for fear of missing the bus, would stand at the window and stare down the road. Suppose the bus didn't come? Suppose she were late?

"Daddy," she would say impatiently, "where's the bus now?"

Daddy would take another sip of coffee and then he would pull out his watch and look at it carefully.

"Eight minutes to eight," he would say. "Why, Mr. Higgins is just climbing into the driver's seat. He has finished kissing his eight children good-by and walked across the road to the school garage. And right at this moment he is stepping on the starter."

Trudy giggled. Everybody knew that Mr. Higgins, the janitor, didn't have even one child, much less eight. She stood a minute longer, trying to see around the curve in the road.

"Oh, Daddy," she said again, "where's the bus now?"

"Just turning the corner into Violet Lane," he said. "On two wheels. Mr. Higgins is going to stop for a few minutes and skate on the pond."

It was wonderful what answers Daddy could think of.

"Where's the bus now, Daddy?"

"He had to stop to let a pheasant across the road."

"He had to help Larsons' pig crawl under the fence."

"His hat blew out the window and he had to stop and pick it



She knew something was wrong when she saw Trudy looking so sad.

up. He's tying it under his chin now with a piece of pink ribbon."

Yes, Trudy loved waiting for the bus. She was always smiling when at last it came swooshing up to the front door. But by the time she had her foot on the first

step, the cheerful feeling was gone and the lonesome feeling had come back.

No matter how much she pretended that it wasn't so, the children on the bus didn't like Trudy. Nobody ever teased her or jerked her black braids or played April Fool jokes on her, the way they did with each other to show that they all "belonged."

"Hello," Trudy would say.

"Hello," everybody would say, smiling, too, but turning right back to all the chatter about the kittens at Mary's house or the new rug that Susy's mother was making for her room. Trudy couldn't understand it, because she always tried her very best to show them that she was somebody important, too.

"My aunt has a canopy bed," she would say.

"My Uncle George paints pictures," she would say, "and once he had an art show all by himself in New York."

"I have a pearl necklace," she would say, "not real pearls but almost."

But nobody seemed the least bit impressed. They just went right on talking about their own affairs. It was very strange, because Trudy knew that nobody

else had a pearl necklace or an aunt with a canopy bed or an Uncle George who painted pictures.

"I don't like this school," Trudy told her mother. "Nobody likes me."

"Maybe they don't know you," said Mother.

"But I try to tell them," said Trudy crossly, "and they just make fun of me."

That was the day that Trudy had heard Johnny whispering to Linda.

"Here comes Miss Pearl Necklace," he said when Trudy got on the bus.

"I wonder where her Aunt Canopy and her Uncle Picture are?" giggled Linda.

AFTER that, Trudy sat in the corner of the bus all by herself and stared out of the window. The only time she smiled was when she looked at the back of Mr. Higgins' neck. She was remembering what Daddy had said that morning.

"Where's the bus now, Daddy?"

"Mr. Higgins had to stop at the brook to wash the east half of his neck. He did the west half last night but had to stop

on account of darkness."

Trudy giggled. Across the aisle Johnny and Linda and Marie looked at her.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Johnny.

But Trudy remembered that only a minute before they had been making fun of her.

"Nothing," she said shortly and turned back to the window.

"Okay," said Linda, tossing her head. "Let's plan about the picnic."

Trudy didn't want to go to the picnic. It wasn't so bad having people not like you if you were at school and were busy doing lessons, but when you were at a picnic you had to do things with people who didn't like you. And that, thought Trudy, made it worse.

"Of course you must go," said Mother. "All the children go to the school picnic."

"I don't care," said Trudy. "I wish I didn't have to."

All that week Trudy wished for something to happen so that she wouldn't have to go. Maybe it would rain. Maybe she would catch the measles. Maybe she would have to go to the dentist for the tooth that was getting ready to come out.

But the sun was shining brightly on the day of the picnic. There wasn't even a tiny fluff of a cloud that might turn into a rain cloud. Trudy poked at her tooth, but it didn't wiggle a bit more than it had the week before. And as for the measles—Trudy looked and looked in the mirror, but there wasn't a single measles.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I suppose I'll have to go!"

IT was such a nice day that Trudy felt almost cheerful as she stood with her picnic basket, waiting for the bus.

"Where's the bus now, 'Daddy'?" she asked.

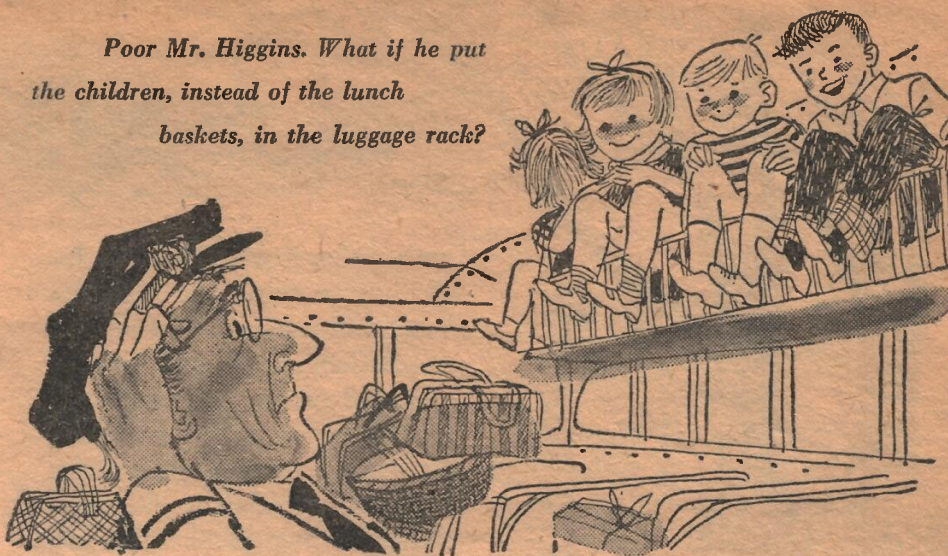
"Mr. Higgins had to stop and measure the inside of the bus to find out whether there's room enough for all the children and all the lunch baskets."

"And all the freezers of ice cream," added Trudy.

"Oh my, yes!" said Daddy. "And now Mr. Higgins is scratching his head and trying to decide whether to pile the lunch baskets or the children in the luggage rack to make room."

Trudy was laughing as she ran out to the bus with her basket over her arm. Maybe, just this

*Poor Mr. Higgins. What if he put
the children, instead of the lunch
baskets, in the luggage rack?*



Illustrations by GLORIA KAMEN

once, it was going to be fun. And for a minute it looked as though it might be.

"What's in your basket?" asked Linda.

"Chocolate cake," said Trudy proudly. "My mother makes wonderful chocolate cake. She got the recipe from my aunt's cook."

"Your aunt with the canopy bed?" asked Johnny, laughing under his eyelids at Linda.

Trudy knew then that things were going to be just the same. She sat down in her seat in the corner and put her basket beside her so that nobody could sit there. Pooh to this old school,

anyway! Just one more week and it would all be over until next September. The only trouble was that she wouldn't be able to play the bus game with Daddy any more.

The picnic would have been great fun if only Trudy had had some friends. They had a tug-of-war and a baseball game and a relay race, and every time Trudy was the last one to be chosen.

"I choose Trudy!" the leader would say at last in a loud voice, but it was only because Trudy was the only one left.

All through the games and all through the picnic lunch, Trudy



"Gather your things quickly," said the teacher. "A storm's brewing."

wished that it would be time for the bus to come and take her home. In spite of stacks of food — chicken salad and coconut cake and pickles and olives and strawberry ice cream — Trudy sat with a lump in her throat and only nibbled at the good things on her plate. She was glad when she looked up and saw that a big storm cloud was covering the bright blue sky.

"Gather up your things, children," said the teacher. "We're going to have to start home a little early or we'll all get wet. Mr. Higgins is going to pick us up with the bus at the end of the lane."

"Why can't we just sit under a big tree here until the rain is over?" asked Johnny.

"Because trees are bad things to be under when there's lightning," the teacher explained. "Hurry, now! You bigger ones can go ahead with the baskets, and I'll help the smaller children with the other things."

Trudy hurried on with the rest of the children. The clouds grew blacker and blacker, and every so often a sharp tongue of angry-looking lightning flicked out of the blackest part of the sky. The children ran faster, but before they had even reached the turn in the lane the rain began. It came down in sheets and buckets and tubs. The children rushed around the turn in the lane.

"All aboard!" yelled Johnny. "Fast express for home! Why, there —"

They all stood staring, because there was no bus there. Trudy's shoes squished as she walked and her hair was plastered to her head. Linda's dress was dripping with water and so was her face, but the water on her face was partly tears.

"Wait for me, Trudy!" she wailed. "Oh dear! I'm afraid of thunder and lightning! Where, oh, where is that bus?"

Trudy looked at Linda's teary face. Trudy wasn't afraid; she was only wet. But she knew how it felt to be afraid.

"Oh, Mr. Higgins had to stop and put a sail on the bus to get it through the water," she said. "He's using his old blue shirt."

Linda was so surprised that she forgot to cry. "But I mean really!" she said. "Where's the bus now?"

"He had to stop and pick up some ducks who forgot to wear their rubbers," said Trudy.

This time Linda really did smile. Johnny and Marie and the rest hurried to catch up to the bush where Trudy and Linda were trying to keep out of the rain a little.

"What are you talking about?" asked Johnny.

"I asked her where the bus was," said Linda, "and she said —"

"It's waiting until Mr. Higgins catches up to it," said Trudy. "He accidentally fell out into a mud puddle. It's rather a deep mud puddle, and he can't swim very well, so it's taking a long time."

THE children giggled. Nobody looked frightened any more, even though the thunder was crashing and the rain was pouring down harder than ever.

"Tell us some more, Trudy," they begged. "Where's the bus now?"

"The bus was frightened by a cow and jumped off the road,"



That cow chased Mr. Higgins and his bus right off the road.

said Trudy. "Mr. Higgins is trying to coax it back now, but it is hiding under a bush."

"How nice," thought Trudy, "that nobody is afraid any more. But what in the world can I think up next?"

"He coaxed it back," yelled Johnny, "because here it is!"

Mr. Higgins looked very apologetic as the children, soggy and bedraggled, piled into the bus.

"You probably won't believe me," he said, "but this is why I was late. There was a cow in the road —"

The children roared.

"We knew that already!" they cried. "Trudy told us."

"But let me tell you," said Mr. Higgins, looking puzzled. "The cow wouldn't move and I had to push her off the road."

"Ho! You know a better

story than that," whispered Marie, moving over to make room for Trudy. "Did you ever see my kitten? His name's Ink Spot."

The bus was at Trudy's house almost before she knew it.

"Make way for the pearl necklace girl!" yelled Johnny.

But Trudy knew it was all in fun, especially as he jerked one wet braid as she went by.

"See you tomorrow, Trudy!"

"Where's the bus now, Trudy?"

"Don't forget you're on my team tomorrow, Trudy!"

The bus drove off and Trudy trotted inside.

"What a dreadful day!" said Mother. "Too bad the picnic was spoiled."

"But it wasn't a bit spoiled for me," Trudy said. "I had a wonderful time!"

**Give Your Child
This Priceless
Treasury of
Good Reading**

**Classics
To Grow On**



**6 beautifully matched volumes, 1400 pages—
cram-packed with over 100 stories,
70 poems, 329 illustrations.**

Countless thousands of children's lives have been enriched by this superb library of time-tested fables, stories and poems, carefully compiled by the distinguished editorial staff of Parents' Magazine. Your child, too, deserves to know and love the works of such authors as Lucy Sprague Mitchell, Joel Chandler Harris, the Brothers Grimm, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling and Albert Bigelow Paine... with captivating illustrations by artists like Van Loon, Dobkin, Frost.

- **BRER RABBIT** • **HERE AND NOW STORY BOOK**
- **JUST SO STORIES** • **TALES FROM GRIMM**
- **A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES** • **THE ARKANSAW BEAR**

CHILDREN ADORE

These Gay New Bindings

Yes, the set is beautifully bound in colorful two-tone durable cloth covers, the front of each stamped with a jolly picture suggestive of the reading pleasure inside. Full-size (5½x8) pages and large clear type make for easy reading of these best-loved stories and poems, which live in the hearts of children through their formative years.

**Yours for a
FREE TRIAL**

Just sign and mail this coupon and the full set of **CLASSICS TO GROW ON** will be rushed to you for free examination. Take a week to look them over carefully. You may return the set without payment or —if you recognize its worth—keep the books and pay only \$1 a month for nine months. (Better still: You can save a dollar by sending an \$8 payment with order—and still have a week's return privilege).

PARENTS' INSTITUTE, INC. Book Dep't., Bergenfield, N. J. CII-6D
WITHOUT OBLIGATION, send me for 7 days FREE EXAMINATION
the 6 volume library of CLASSICS TO GROW ON. At the end of one
week, I shall return this set and owe you nothing, OR I will send
you \$1.00 a month for nine months as payment in full, a total of
\$9.00 for all SIX volumes.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ **SAVE \$1.00! Send only \$8.00 with this order as payment in full.**
Same examination and return privilege with full refund guaranteed.

... new books

A CARPET OF FLOWERS,

By ELIZABETH BORTON de TREVINO

CHEMA and his dog were all alone in the world. Then they went to stay with Don Nacho and his wife. When the Mexican villagers wove a carpet for the basilica in Mexico City, Chema had a real part in it. He raised the flowers that were to adorn the Virgin's eyes. The trouble he had getting to the basilica will make your heart ache. But his courage and determination had their reward. When his flowers were placed on the Virgin a real miracle happened. (Thomas Y. Crowell, \$2.50)

THE APPALOOSA CURSE,

By JAMES ROBERT RICHARD

YOU'LL find cowboys, Indians and much more in this fast-paced western. It all started when a tough kid from the streets of New York won a free summer on a ranch in Idaho. There he met an Indian boy his own age and landed *plunk* in the middle of a mysterious plot. Good plot and swift action make this an exciting reading adventure. (Lothrop, \$2.50)

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR'S BOOK,

Introduction by JAMES LAVEY

ALMOST everybody collects something. I'm sure you do, too. But how many people would think of collecting colored sand, cheese labels, and seals? Of course there are familiar things here, too, like stamps and coins. This book is especially interesting because in it

you will enjoy

By **PHYLLIS FENNER**, *Children's Librarian*

real collectors tell about their own collections and how they go about it. There are invaluable tips about the art of preserving what you collect and fascinating tidbits of history about the various items. (Roy, \$2.75)

BEAVER WATER,

By **RUTHERFORD G. MONTGOMERY**, *illustrated by Robert Doremus*

JODE BIRCH and his brother Andre were beaver trapping in a country full of hostile Indians, rival trappers and wild animals. Fourteen-year-old Jode had courage and was quick with a gun. He needed both to stand off savage Indian attacks and survive a tough winter. But when the long ordeal was over he and his brother had learned — the hard way — all about trapping and skinning beaver. You'll like this story about a plucky boy who proves his mettle. (World, \$2.75)

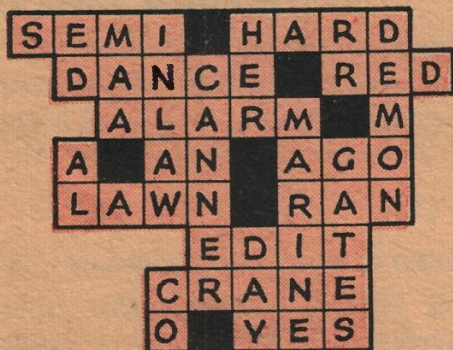
USE YOUR HEAD, HILDY,

By **MAY JUSTUS**, *illustrated by Jean Tamburine*

EVERY girl has a dream and Hildy's was the "fine floweredy frock" she saw in her "wish-book." But for this Tennessee mountain girl the chances of getting it seemed very remote, indeed. Then mother was called to help a sick aunt and Hildy was left to care for the house and the children. "Use your head," mother told her as she left, and Hildy did, especially when some perplexing problems arose. How she solved them and received a reward that gladdened her heart make this a lively and entertaining story. (Henry Holt, \$2.25)

Answers to Puzzles

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD *from page 29*



BRAIN TEASERS *from page 22*

Out Like A Light

Seven times, each night when he goes to sleep!

Nutty Question

Peanuts (which grow underground), and a doughnut.

Up A Tree

John Shaw made a parachute jump and landed in the tree!

IN SHORT *from page 76*

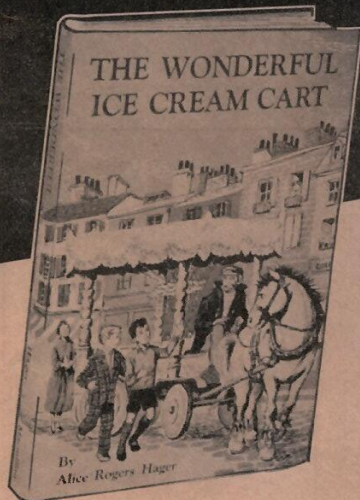
1. Cash on delivery
2. Postscript
3. District Attorney
4. Anno Domini (In the Year of Our Lord)
5. Doctor of Medicine
6. Master of Ceremonies
7. Intelligence Quotient
8. Freight on Board
9. No Good
10. United States Navy
11. Young Men's Christian Association
12. Rural Free Delivery
13. American Expeditionary Forces
14. American Federation of Labor
15. Bachelor of Arts
16. Grand Old Party
17. Post Office Box
18. Post Meridian
19. Rest in Peace
20. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Enroll Your Child NOW

in PARENTS' MAGAZINE'S

Book Club For Children

and you will receive • HISTORY'S 100 GREATEST EVENTS and FIFTY BOOK PLATES FREE! • and THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM CART The Current Selection, for only \$1.47!



Jerry Tuck's father is assigned to a job in Brussels, Belgium. The Tuck family goes there to live, and on his first day in Brussels, Jerry meets Jean Pierre, Papa Goncourt and his pony, Bobo. The pony pulls a beautifully decorated ice cream cart for Papa Goncourt, and even takes Jerry, Jean Pierre and Papa on a vacation to the Ardennes Mountains.

Their holiday is filled with adventure and excitement, and leads to reuniting Jean Pierre with his father, who had been thought lost fighting with the brave Resistance forces.

The rich flavor of family life and the genuine spirit of thoughtfulness make this satisfying story a treat for every boy and girl.

Enroll Your Boy or Girl TODAY!

Parents' Magazine's BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN chooses only the very best from among the outstanding books published for children 7 to 12 years old. The stimulating variety of books... biography, fiction, history, science and classics... are fun to read. You'll be gratified at the way your youngster's reading and learning skills improve through this program of guided reading.

DO THIS TODAY!

Fill out and mail the postage-paid card below. We will immediately enroll your child as a Club Member, and send you HISTORY'S 100 GREATEST EVENTS free, plus FIFTY beautiful book plates, and the first selection, The Wonderful Ice Cream Cart (bookstore price \$2.50) for only \$1.47 plus a few cents for postage and handling. Thereafter, your child will receive a new selection each month for the same low cost, regardless of bookstore price!

You save at least 30%!

4 RECENT

SELECTIONS ARE STILL AVAILABLE

...to new members at only \$1.47 each, plus postage and handling. Circle the numbers you wish on the membership coupon.

- 10. SHOW LAMB
- 12. KILDEE HOUSE
- 13. PAUL BUNYAN
- 14. HIDDEN TRAPEZES

FREE

MEMBERSHIP GIFT!

See Back Page

MAIL THIS CARD TODAY! SEND NO MONEY!

CD 11-6

Parents' Magazine's BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN, Bergentfield, N. J.

Child's Name..... Age..... Girl ☐ Boy ☐

(Please PRINT)

Address..... City..... State.....

Please enroll the above child for membership in Parents' Magazine's BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN and send (at no extra cost) a Membership Gift of HISTORY'S 100 GREATEST EVENTS plus 50 Book Plates with this month's book selection. Continue to send a new book each month and bill at the special club price of \$1.47 plus a few cents for postage and handling. I understand that I may cancel this membership at any time after the child has received three consecutive selections.

Also send previous selections, as circled 10 12 13 14

Parents or Donor.....

(Please PRINT)

City..... State.....

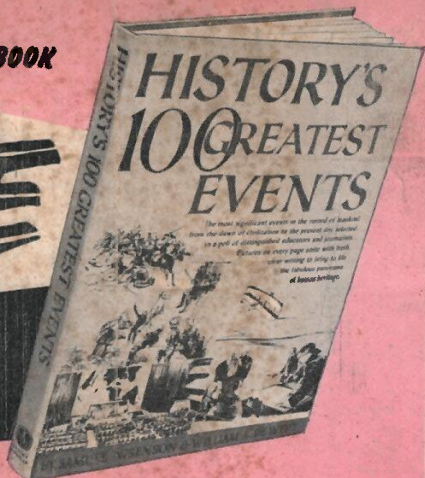
Address.....

Membership reserved for children only. No institutional enrollments accepted.

GIVE YOUR CHILD THIS MARVELOUS BOOK

FREE

with membership in
**PARENTS' MAGAZINE'S
BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN**



- 149 pages, measures 8½ x 11 inches! List Price: \$2.50!
- Illustrations on nearly every page! Packed with interest—exciting!

Your child will love this BIG book! Selling right now for \$2.50, you can get HISTORY'S 100 GREATEST EVENTS for your child absolutely FREE simply by enrolling your boy or girl in Parents' Magazine's BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN now! Introduce your youngster to the wonderful world of books this new, easy way. Your boy or girl accumulates that treasured personal library of outstanding books, chosen by the editors of Parents' Magazine, and you save on every selection. Your child gets the

valuable advantages of a program of carefully guided reading... and you pay only \$1.47 plus a few cents for postage and handling for beautifully printed hard-bound books which cost \$2.50 to \$3.00 in bookstores. Send no money—you don't risk a penny. Planned for boys and girls 7 to 12 years old, Parents' Magazine's BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN helps develop a love for genuinely worthwhile books. Enroll your youngster today!

Fill out and mail this card today! No postage necessary! Send no money!

Postage
will be paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
if mailed in The
United States

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 172, SEC. 34.9 P. L. & H. BERGENFIELD, N. J.

**Parents' Magazine's
BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN
Bergenfield, N. J.**

AN EXTRA GIFT!

If you enroll
your boy or girl
in the Club NOW,
we will send your
youngster fifty
beautifully de-
signed book
plates as an
extra gift!